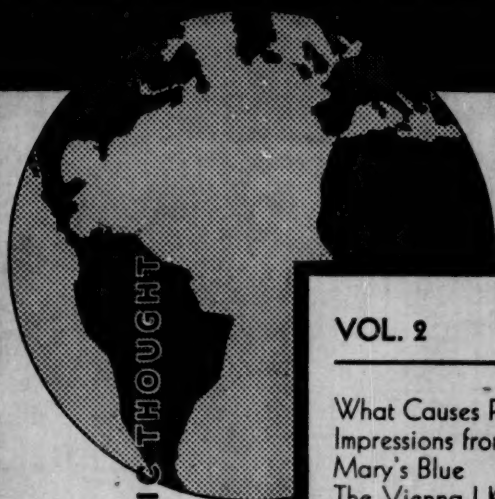


# Catholic Digest

25¢



THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

VOL. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1938

NO. 11

What Causes Persecutions? . . . . .	1
Impressions from Spain . . . . .	6
Mary's Blue . . . . .	8
The Vienna I Knew . . . . .	10
Stalin, the Terrified? . . . . .	13
Propaganda . . . . .	14
Plaint of a Catholic Mother . . . . .	17
In an Anglican Monastery . . . . .	22
They Reared Babe Ruth . . . . .	27
A New Cult . . . . .	31
Wings of Mercy . . . . .	34
Are We Winning or . . . ? . . . . .	37
Astrid, Queen of the Belgians . . . . .	42
Kulturkampf . . . . .	46
The Jewish Problem . . . . .	52
Mass for the Masses . . . . .	56
Utopia in Reverse . . . . .	60
Mexican Martyr . . . . .	64
Good from Communism? . . . . .	67
Clean the Magazine Racks! . . . . .	70
Vacationing for Christ . . . . .	73
The Radio in Very Hot Weather . . . . .	75
Teruel . . . . .	78
The Movies and Block-Booking . . . . .	85
What Good Are Stamps? . . . . .	88
St. Ambrose . . . . .	91
Hired Girl . . . . .	95

# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion: for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.

Francis Bacon in the *Essay Of Atheism*.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

CHANCERY BLDG.

ST. PAUL  
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class  
matter, November 11,  
1936, at the post office  
at St. Paul, Minnesota,  
under Act of March 3rd,  
1879.

Copyright 1938 by The  
Catholic Digest, Inc.



MEMBER OF THE  
CATHOLIC PRESS  
ASSOCIATION

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



*Published Monthly.* Subscription price, \$3.00 the Year—2 Years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage.

Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Jerome T. Gaspard, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



# Catholic Digest

VOL. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1938

NO. 11

## What Causes Persecutions?

Advice for anticlerics

By WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

Under most of the anti-clericalism today in the U. S. especially among Catholics, there seem to be certain general assumptions which will not bear critical examination. Some of these are:

1. Religion exists to furnish aesthetic or sensuous pleasure, such as one experiences at a concert.

2. It is one of the priest's functions to increase wages, keep prices down, improve housing conditions and plumbing, etc.; prevent graft in government, put an end to wars, abolish ignorance.

3. The priest has power to change these economic and social conditions, if he only will.

4. When priests are persecuted, it is usually their own fault, for neglecting one or more of the above duties.

These assumptions are all false, for the following reasons:

1. A priest's existence would be justified if he never did anything but give us the infinite boon of the Mass. If he said it on an old crate in a ramshackle barn, in the most barbarous Latin, with no music but the cackling of hens and the mooing of cows; if he paused after the Gospel to preach the purest balderdash, mingled with constant appeals and demands for money, or the dullest observations on the weather; if he were ugly, ignorant, dirty, tactless, profane, greedy, cantankerous, intolerant, even immoral—if all these conditions (God forbid) existed, and the man was properly authorized to say Mass, and said it, he would be conferring on his parishioners a favor so great they ought to be glad to crawl for miles on hands and knees, if necessary to receive it.

Now it goes without saying the

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. Aug., 1938.

priest should give the sublime sacrifice the most appropriate possible setting. Nevertheless, the Mass itself is the Thing.

2. It is not the priest's job to raise wages or alter other economic conditions. When he is made a priest, he is solemnly charged with certain grave duties and responsibilities. The first function to which he is called is not that of driving the money-changers out of the Temple, but that of driving devils out of possessed persons. The priest is solemnly charged to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass, forgive sins, administer other sacraments, to share in the teaching power of the Church, but strictly subordinate to his Bishop, and in the sphere assigned to him.

The obligations of justice and charity toward individuals and groups of men are not peculiar to the priestly state, but are shared with all Christians. Not even the wildest Communist would suggest that it is a priest's duty to catch thieves and murderers and deliver them to the police; or in a community where tax collections are slow, to pass the hat and turn over the proceeds to the tax collector. Yet the idea seems to be floating vaguely about in many minds—and not so vaguely either—that if an automobile manufacturer, say in Ohio, is not paying high enough

wages, the priests of the vicinity are to blame.

3. Even in a largely Catholic society, it is not the fault of the clergy if, when they have made clear the principles from which a well-ordered state must inevitably result, certain employers reject those principles and, often with the connivance of an anti-Catholic government, follow the heartless ideologies of Adam Smith and his intellectual heirs.

Whenever and wherever the Catholic Church has been free enough and influential enough to change economic and social conditions, great amelioration has followed as quietly and irresistibly as the grass grows. The guilds, for example, settled the whole modern labor problem as nearly, perhaps, as is possible in human society. This did not come about from direct interference of the priests in matters economic, but secondarily, as a corollary of the sincere acceptance of their teachings by all classes, including especially those with political power to coerce the money power. The so-called Reformation shattered the guilds; and even in countries still called Catholic, the pressure of a universal system of usury and exploitation set free by the innovators of Liberalism has increasingly limited the power of the clergy to compel the practical ap-



plication of the Church's teachings—even if we grant it was their duty to do so. Even in countries ostensibly Catholic, like France, and truly Catholic in great measure, like Spain, political power during the past century or more has been committed to agents of secret societies hostile to the Church.

The chief responsibility for this belongs to so-called Catholic laymen, especially of the upper classes, who for motives of selfish ambition or vanity, or out of sheer stupidity, disregarded the repeated warnings of several Popes and of the clergy in general, thus admitting a secret enemy who contrived to unite social and economic reforms with policies so anti-Christian in their tendency that the clergy could not conscientiously support them. Thus the anti-clericals were able to denounce the clergy, insincerely, as opposed to social welfare measures, and little by little to separate the Church from the government, even though the masses still kept their faith. The same thing has happened, obviously, in Mexico.

If the clergy were thus separated from the sources of power to make social and economic reforms in Catholic countries, they are even more helpless in such countries as England and the U. S., where Catholics are in minorities. Here, in a society dominated by capitalists and

financiers for the most part hostile to, or indifferent to, the Catholic Church, the priest is free to preach to his own people the doctrines which if carried out by everyone would quietly transform society, as in the Middle Ages. But even his Catholic hearers are part of a system over which the Church has no control, and which the priest can influence not as a priest, but as an individual citizen.

When Catholics unite on any measure, they become what is called a "pressure group" not to be ignored. But their influence is negative rather than positive, so far as the nation is concerned. The truth of this will be understood if we imagine the hierarchy and all the clergy, supported by a solidly loyal laity, undertaking a crusade to pass and enforce laws compelling the rest of the population to give up the practice of, say, birth control. Not only would the movement fail, but a disastrous persecution of the Catholic minority would probably ensue, with evil effects outweighing the good.

Our strength is impressive and irresistible only when we exercise it as a minority appealing to the American sense of fair play, and the basic principle of American democracy, which recognizes the inherent rights of minorities. We were never able to do away with

Prohibition, whose fallacy we saw from the beginning, until the rest of the population, for reasons of its own, came to agree with us. Our protest against immoral movies succeeded because it appealed to a sense of decency already shared by Protestants and others in great numbers, and most of all, it is apparent, because Hollywood thought more of our pennies than our opinions. We were not strong enough to stop the more subtle forms of propaganda against fundamental Christian principles; the films, many of them, still reek with it, and do incalculable harm.

4. The prevalent assumption that when priests are persecuted, it is usually their own fault, is false and unchristian, and should be restricted. It will be instructive, and to the Christian it should be conclusive, to notice what Christ Himself said on this subject; for it happens that He said a great deal at various times.

Nowhere did He say that if His followers were persecuted it would be their own fault. There is no record in the New Testament, to my recollection, of His saying anything of this sort or tenor: "When men hate you and cast you out and imprison and kill you, be ashamed of yourselves. It will be a sign that you accumulated too much property or led scandalous lives. When

nuns are ravished and then covered with gasoline and ignited, let them ask themselves what they have done to raise wages in their community. If priests are crucified on their church doors, or mowed down with machine guns, if their entrails are wrapped in straw and fed to the horses of Huguenots in France, or labelled 'pork for sale' in Spain, it will be their own fault; they should have lowered the price of bread and beans, they should have installed better plumbing in the citizens' houses, they should have lived themselves on grass and the bark of trees."

These ideas are not found in the Gospels. They have another source.

Scandals, indeed, were mentioned. Our Lord predicted them, apparently so we should not be too much disturbed by the inevitable manifestations of human nature exposed to diabolical temptation. Scandals must come, but woe to them by whom they come. Would they then be persecuted? Not necessarily. The most scandalous communities of monks in the 16th century went over to Protestantism and escaped persecution. It was the faithful and pious clergy who were hanged at Tyburn. Perhaps the meaning of our Lord was, that *God* would punish the wolves in sheep's clothing; the faithful needn't take it upon themselves. This is supported by

the stern admonition, "Judge not, lest ye be judged"—an admonition the anticlerical apparently does not think of, when the clergy's real or imagined offenses are concerned.

Our Lord said nothing to justify the persecution of the clergy for scandals or abuses. But He did offer some very different explanations of the trials to come upon Christians in various ages.

"Blessed are they that *suffer persecution for justice sake*, for their is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye *when they shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for My sake*; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you." (St. Matthew, V, 11-12.)

The same explanation of persecution, naturally, is offered by Saint Paul. "All that will live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," he wrote. (II Timothy, II, 10.) He regarded the sufferings of Christians as necessary "to fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ" in the Mystical Body; but he did not regard those sufferings as necessarily evidence of sin, except insofar as all men were sinners. His remarks on the anticlericalism of his time, even among Catholics, does not lend much support to the theory now applied to the persecu-

tions in modern Spain and Mexico. It followed the Church from the beginning.

Through the succeeding centuries the Popes have taken the same view of persecution; until, in 1936, we find Pope Pius XI telling the refugees from Spain they are victims, not of clerical scandals and abuses, not of the great wealth of the hierarchy, but "of a truly satanic hatred of God and against humanity redeemed by Him." In Spain, "a satanic preparation has relighted . . . that flame of hatred and savage persecution which has been confessedly reserved for the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion as being the one real obstacle in the way of those forces which have already given a sample and a measure of themselves in subversive attacks on every kind of order from Russia to China, from Mexico to South America. Such trials and preparations have been preceded and unfailingly accompanied by a universal, persistent and most astute propaganda."

It is obvious that many Catholics, even in the U. S. today, are thoughtlessly repeating this sort of thing. Such grumbling is often the prelude to persecution. The present writer knows many priests, and not one who is not acutely aware of the dangers of the times, and anxious to remedy them.

# Impressions from Spain

By EDWARD HAWKS

Man goes about

Condensed from *The Weekly Review*\*

## IMPRESSION A.

**Great sense** of security, although I was most of the time in recovered territory, i.e., South Aragon and Basque and Asturias Provinces. The Press and Propaganda Agency having broken down in the matter of cars, I was fortunately a nuisance and therefore left to my own devices. I bought railroad tickets, selected my own hotels, took photographs, inspected harbors and military operations without being challenged by anyone; even in places quite lately recovered and still inhabited by those who had been "Red." This sense of security was not due to ignorance but to continual conversations with priests, soldiers and civilians.

## IMPRESSION B.

The idea that I was mixed up in a crusade. Not one of the later crusades but such a one as Peter the Hermit might have preached. Churches still standing in Basque and Aragon Provinces—and temporary places of worship in Asturias—were jammed with devotees and communicants. Everyone (including Moorish regulars) wearing religious medals. All the recent

"Reds" lining up magnificently, taking the Cross, as it were. Others a little cynical—as earlier crusaders might have been—at the religious fervor of jailbirds. An exhilarating atmosphere—certainly *not* reactionary—for *action* of any kind was not descriptive of the older Spain. I can only describe it in the words of the Bible: "These men are filled with new wine."

## IMPRESSION C.

That of a great, clean, well-shod, loyal, and well-disciplined army—of probably about 500,000 men with another 500,000 easily ready for replacement. This army differed from the one I remember 20 years ago—in *this*—it has no Paris or London fronts. I saw it at war, and more interesting still, I saw it "on leave." I was in all the cities where this army could go on leave *in the North. It has no camp followers.* The women of Spain are simply stunning. I positively assert that I did not see a single one smoking or drinking with a soldier. All the women were in pairs and threes. They laughed and chatted but chastity shone from their faces. This is not rhetoric; it is something I saw.

\*9 Essex St., London, W.C.2, England. July 14, 1938.

## IMPRESSION D.

All the facts about terrorism have not been exaggerated. I photographed the evidences of malicious barbarism until I was sick of the job. I doubt if I shall ever look at the pictures. This terrorism was the work of small committees who have since disappeared—most have gone to France and thence to "Loyalist Spain"—others have been tried and punished. This happy conclusion meets with universal approval. The dupes and rank and file of the Red organization have been incorporated into the Nationalist military organization and they are doing well. Thousands of refugees that are continually streaming back from Barcelona, Madrid, and Valencia are substantiating what I have said, i.e., the terrorism has everywhere been the same and it is manufactured in Russia.

## IMPRESSION E.

Spain Redivivus is not in love

with Central European Fascism. If the Non-Intervention Committee will ship back all the foreign troops from both sides, the Nationalists will be satisfied. The Fascists are, strangely enough, those whose conversion from Communism has been quite recent. The honest-to-God Catholics talk of this Fascism as the *Refugium peccatorum*.

I have other impressions but these stand out. They were gained by close contact with casual acquaintances. It was not a personally conducted tour but one that I took, practically, on my own, getting lifts where possible, but for the most part riding in villainous trains mostly filled with soldiers.

As to the bombings. Anyone with eyes in their head can see that Guernica was burned and dynamited. But there are simply hundreds of Guernicas. Ninety-five per cent of the churches in Asturias bear the same imprint as Guernica.

*Marx's Daughter*

A friend of mine, still happily alive, was one day speaking to her friend, the daughter of Karl Marx. The talk turned, as serious talk so naturally turns, to religion. The daughter of Karl Marx said: "I was brought up without any religion. I do not believe in God." Then she added a little wistfully, "But the other day in an old German book I came across a German prayer, and if the God of that prayer exists, I think I could believe in Him."

"What was that prayer?" asked my friend.

Then the daughter of Karl Marx repeated slowly in German the "Our Father."

Vincent McNabb, O.P., in a B. B. C. talk, quoted by the *Irish Digest* (July '38).

# Mary's Blue

By STUART FERGUSON

Rhapsody in color

Condensed from *Good Counsel*\*

**There is** the dim blue of far distant hills; the blue of the kingfisher's breast, and the blue of shadows on snow. The eyes of a newly-born babe are blue.

There is the transparent blue, tinged with green, of the Rhone as it gushes out of Lake Geneva; the blue of Mont Blanc's sharp apex viewed from the height of Nyon, in the Canton de Vaud—an ethereal tip of blue tinged with violet, immobile in its solitary remoteness beyond slowly moving wisps of cloud.

In almost every picture of her the mantle of Mary is blue, and the loveliest of the flowers that come in the month of Mary are blue, too.

We say *blue* in a very casual sort of way, without realizing the countless varieties of it, and the many divisions and subdivisions, each of which should perhaps have a name of its own. There is the little speedwell's blue that always seems so joyful; and the blue of the Bay of Naples—in the posters! There is the arresting blue of the wounded soldiers' uniforms; the smoky blue of the Air Force; the blue of Oxford and Harrow, and the blue of Cambridge and Eton. There is the blue of Persian pottery and of old Chi-

nese glass; there is the blue of the gentian, the forget-me-not and the cornflower; and the regal blue of the big delphinium family—a blue that is often shot through with purple and mauve. There is the gentle blue of the harebell, and the hard blue of the lobelia.

But not everything that is blue fulfills its promise. I have known the "beautiful Blue Danube" when, alas! it was muddy brown. The famous Blue Train is blue only by reason of its destination—the Cote d'Azur.

There is the blue of the thrush's egg, so gay and sure of itself; the pale blue of the starling's egg; and that gloriously supreme blue without admixture, intense and dazzling, of the hedge sparrow's egg. There is the mystic blue of the sapphire that seems to suggest the deep notes of an organ, or the rich, low notes of the human voice; the cool, restful blue of the turquoise that (again relating color to sound) suggests the lyrical tones of a soprano voice or the silvery notes of a flute.

Without the "divine color," how very different, how unthinkably different would be some of the Old Masters! Think of Murillo's Ma-

\*St. John's Priory, John's Lane, Dublin, Ireland. July-Sept., 1938.



donna, for instance. Take blue from Titian's robes and mountains, and what would be left? Take blue from Poussin's skies, and the pictures, for all their fine drawing, would be ordinary.

The Barbizon men used blue—the blue of the French laborer's jacket or a peasant woman's head-dress—with fine effect. Cotman would have been lost without his cobalt. Blue is the life of Whistler's river nocturnes and his Valparaiso studies. And what could be more lovely than the famous water color known as Turner's "Blue Righi?"

One never-to-be-forgotten day, some years ago, just as the month of Mary was merging into the richer splendor of June, with its crimson and pink and red flowers for the Sacred Heart, I came upon an unex-

pected blaze of blue, overwhelming in its suddenness and its beauty, while walking in the Isle of Wight.

We had breasted the hill known as Five Barrows, and were facing homewards when—coming up from a little fold of the hillside—we were suddenly lost in azure. Below us was spread a carpet of bluebells, reaching away to the edge of the cliff. Along one side of the ravine a little wood of larches made soft shadows, on the other was the shining gold of gorse.

Beyond us was the ocean; above us the cloudless blue of heaven; within us an awed wonder. "Every common bush is aflame with God"—*but only he who sees takes off his shoes*. I thought of Linnaeus, who knelt down the first time he saw gorse in bloom.



### Crime School

A statistical student saw 500 films: in them he counted 100 murders, 91 suicides, 103 adulteries, 38 seductions, 352 robberies and 43 frauds or swindles. Thus, in 500 films there was a more or less veiled defense or condonation of 827 major crimes or immoralities. A Swiss citizen, Professor Malhebec, reports the result of a similar investigation in Berne, where he found that of 3,300 school children, 1,700 were more or less regular cinema-addicts. In 1,350 films presented for their entertainment (save the mark!) there were exhibited 1,163 seductions, 1,120 adulteries, 1,224 homicides, 1,170 robberies, 1,171 shootings or various murders and 765 suicides. The vivid visual representation of such an orgy of crime must obviously have an appalling effect upon the impressionable minds of youth.

*El Labaro* quoted by *The Cross* (Aug. '38).

# The Vienna I Knew

By GERARD YOUNG

A city of laughter and song

Condensed from *The Catholic Fireside*\*

**The Vienna** of the film world, so dearly beloved by every Hollywood producer with its fairy-lamp beer gardens and heels clicked in time to Schubert's melodies, existed from about 1848. What is left today is perhaps the same in tradition, but a little different in form, so if you go there expecting to find Ronald Colmanesque soldiers duelling for your heart (if you're a girl) and your stay one long Opera Ball, you'll return a little sadder and wiser.

But what you can expect is a vast city where romance dies hard, where gaiety still lives though the people are poor, where beauty is still the highest ideal and where—to mutilate Shakespeare—music being the food of love, they have always played on.

I was in Vienna a few years ago and stayed in a vast hotel with a vestibule and stairway fit for a palace. The manager told me it had once been the town house of a Royal Prince. When I stepped out of the hotel, I stood in a great avenue of shady trees, an avenue which curves 'round Vienna in a huge semicircle. They call it the Ringstrasse and built it on the curve of the city's former ramparts. A few

months ago the German troops marched 'round the Ring to the tumult of welcoming cheers.

From the circumference of the Ring, the streets run inwards like the spokes of a wheel, and the hub is the mightiest building in Vienna, the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

The crowds which throng the city center have something which is entirely their own. There is a friendliness about them, a certain charm and a great deal of elegance. The Viennese woman has always made her presence felt, not only on account of her beauty, but because of her natural poise.

You see examples of this everywhere. There is nothing slipshod about Viennese girls as they go shopping in the city. There is grace in their movements, something that is inherent and not a product of study. I noticed their clothes particularly. That August there was a tendency towards little flower patterns, but nothing bold. Simplicity is a Viennese virtue, simplicity of line, simplicity of accessories, gloves, shoes, handbags, which give that amazing well-groomed appearance that is the hallmark of the Vienna girl. To see her stepping smartly

\*23 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4, England. June 17, 1938.

along the street, blonde hair set naturally, sun-burnt skinned, a slight flowery frock with perhaps a white bolero, a pretty smile always, is to wonder why Wine always comes first in the Vienna catch-phrase: "Wine, Women and Song."

St. Stephen's is the religious center of Vienna and a church so vast and finely formed in Gothic splendor that it beggars description. They finished building its steeple in 1433 and I cursed those medieval builders as I wearily went on and on and higher and higher up their little stone steps in a darkness lit only by small windows in the giant masonry.

Later on that morning I arrived at the top of the cathedral, worn and weary. Then I saw far off to the north a grey-brown smear among the suburbs of the city. It was the Danube. I hate to go on shattering illusions, but the Danube is not blue. Unofficially the blame for the blueness is attached to the younger Strauss. Young Johann was a vivid, colorful fellow, as vivid and colorful as his eternal waltzes. The story, unofficial, is that he had had a rather hectic night out, and roaming home past the Danube, he thought it looked blue. So he wrote a waltz about it, and though he died in 1899, his tune lived on and it looks like it will carry its charming lie with it forever.

Vienna clings to the heritage of its music. Everywhere there are monuments and plaques commemorating the great men who have made the city the home of melody. In one big cemetery lie Beethoven, Brahms, Gluck, Lanner, the Strauss family, Schubert, Suppe and Hugo Wolf.

Haydn who died in 1809 was the man who built up Vienna's fame as a musical city. Mozart and Beethoven, men from Salzburg and the Rhineland respectively, found in Vienna the right atmosphere for their artistic expression. Their meteoric rise to fame made Vienna. Schubert followed them, the man who gives us Viennese music at its best, and Lanner and the Strauss family added the lighter and everlasting melodies of the Viennese waltz.

They seem to like grim memories in Vienna. They showed me the room where the Little Chancellor met his death. On that same tenement building farther down they pointed out to me a line of machine gun bullet scars. In the great Schönbrunn palace I saw the blood-stained waistcoat of the Emperor Franz Joseph, and on the outskirts of the city at Mayerling I saw the hunting lodge where one of Europe's great historical tragedies took place: the death of a girl and the suicide of the Crown Prince.

I wandered through the Palace of the Schönbrunn, through vast ornate salons where the chandeliers hung like bunches of a thousand jewels, where priceless tapestries adorned walls of ornate paneling, where in glass cases you see something that was a personal object of Marie Therese, something that Franz Joseph used to fondle.

Over the great Schönbrunn hangs a melancholy, and along the interminable corridors and across the ballrooms you seem to hear the step of a buckled shoe, the swish of a silken gown as if someone was searching for the gaiety of Old Vienna that is no more. One expects to see the gilt handle of a massive door turn and to hear the harsh laughter of Metternich echoing in the stillness of the deserted palace of kings.

But if one thinks one hears the laughter of ghosts, there is still plenty of real laughter in Vienna, laughter in those summer evenings which trills high above the Prater.

In the evenings I used to roam along the Ringstrasse and finally end up in one of their pleasant

open-air park cafes, where at a little table under the trees I could sit with my Vienna friends, smoke one of their curious cigars which look like a twisted pencil, and drink coffee that has no equal in all the world.

If I felt like dancing, I would follow the excellent Viennese social custom and present myself before one of the innumerable attractive girls sitting at other tables, bow slightly and ask her if I could have a dance. They used to smile at my attempts to rattle off the German phrase, but nevertheless we'd have a dance—ten to one it would be a Strauss waltz—and then I'd take her back to her table, another bow, a smile from her and that was that, with no further obligation.

Vienna is like that, a city of friendliness and charm, a place where the most-worked words are *bitte* and *danke*, where the artist, the physician, the follower of fashion, the sportsman and the businessman, and above all the musician can find the zenith of whatever they are seeking. But if ever you go there, remember the Danube is not blue!



The fable says that Truth and Falsehood went bathing: Falsehood came first out of the water, and dressed herself in Truth's garments. Truth, unwilling to take those of Falsehood, went naked.

# Stalin, the Terrified?

Madman gets mad

Condensed from *The Irish Rosary*\*

A phenomena has appeared in Soviet Russia that has scarcely been known for 20 years. This is the appearance of mysterious leaflets, some typed, some multigraphed, some even printed, attacking the great Stalin. Now to attack Stalin, figurehead of Soviet Power, is to attack one of the most highly organized, all-pervading, and deadly forces at work in the world today. It is courting sudden death, or at least long terms of imprisonment under conditions which are in themselves a living death.

M. Stolypine has told us, that the population of the Soviet internment camps, last year, was some seven millions. The number of individuals shot, with or without trial, during the recent purges, individuals of every class and occupation, defies estimate. On October 19th last no less than 34 Soviet citizens were shot in one day; the quota of victims in the eight weeks from mid-September to mid-October last year was officially stated to be 400.

The Soviet population has been trained for many years, and from childhood upward, to spy upon one another. School children are rewarded for espionage on their own parents. The Soviet secret police

is quite as terrible, in its ruthless efficiency, as were the dreaded secret police of the Tsarist regime. And yet, in the face of a terrorism difficult for us in a free country to realize, these leaflets find their way daily into factories, being often left upon officials' desks, in lavatories, on the floor. The wording of these leaflets is quite fearless. They denounce Stalin as the real enemy of the people; they deplore the deaths of various leaders, especially Marshall Tukhachersky; and they speak frankly of "the madman Stalin."

It is very interesting to note that these unknown propagandists, carrying their lives in their hands, have arrived at exactly the same conclusion as that solid British organ, *The Times*: "A veritable reign of terror has been oppressing the directors and responsible employees of almost every industry in Russia," wrote *The Times*, 12 months ago. "Arrests and dismissals during the past week total thousands, probably tens of thousands; 'the enemies of the People' according to official reports abound on the railways, in the electrical and chemical industries, the Press, the photographic enterprises, higher educational establishments, the Health Department and agri-

\**St. Savior's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. July, 1938.*

culture. The reports in the Soviet press give the impression that someone at the controlling center in Moscow, or the main body of provincial officials has gone mad." If the verdict of the intrepid pamphleteers at work this summer in Soviet Russia is correct, it is not only "someone at the controlling center," but the dictator who has "gone mad."

Is Russian history repeating itself?

That careful student of Russia, Maurice Baring, tells us, in *The Russian People*, that Ivan the Terrible (who is credited with cutting off the heads of some 10,000 of his subjects) should be called not Ivan the Terrible but rather *Ivan the Terrified*. Is not terror akin to madness? Is Russia today groaning under the tyranny of *Stalin the Terrified*?



## Propaganda

By B. W.

A boast + a lie = a boost

Condensed from *The Colosseum*\*

**I imagine** the idea of propaganda came into our civilization as a part of Christianity's function. Missionary activity was the work of propaganda, of propagating the Christian faith. In Moslemism, for instance, one sees far fewer traces of propaganda, as the Moslems believed in resting on the power of the sword, and their conquests have been almost exclusively the military conquests of a race. Though medieval Christianity also depended upon the sword, the other element is equally marked, as we see in the story of St. Francis of Assisi setting out to

convert the Sultan. When the Europeans discovered the new world they believed in military conquest and also propaganda. As Christianity and civilization were closely connected in their minds, the two things became, in effect, as one.

The development of printing and the universal practice of reading has brought in a new phase in the history of propaganda. Advertising goods is one of its most fertile exploits. The reason for this kind of propaganda is self-interest. A man wished to develop his riches by persuading others that it is also to their

\*31 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. July, 1938.



interest to make one rich. Hence the exotic terms of praise which are used to describe one's ability or one's wares. Society has become tolerant of it, and whereas Jones is considered a coarse boor if he boasts in private amongst his friends, the public boasting of propaganda is recognized as different. A man of another age might imagine that Jones must be a turkey cock of pride when he sees everywhere written up: "Jones' Sausages Are Best." In reality, however, Jones may be personally a humble if not even a timid man.

Political propaganda is more disinterested than commercial propaganda. Often it is generated out of anger; though frequently it is generated by a desire for power and notoriety in those who are precluded from gaining this position by wealth, or who consider that political power or notoriety is even more satisfying than the power and notoriety of immense wealth. Political propaganda, like religious propaganda, may be begotten out of a passion that our fellow beings should know the precise truth; but as motives are rarely unmixed in this world, this case is rare. Political propaganda usually involves telling lies with a motive of counteracting what one believes to be the lies of others.

In all governments there has al-

ways been a certain amount of political propaganda. In ancient Rome the consuls had to make a certain amount of it, at least amongst their friends; perhaps no more than a writer now makes who wishes to be elected to the French Academy. In olden times, however, when the mass of the people could not read, and never concerned themselves about what government they had, political propaganda was limited.

But political propaganda became much more important with the general practice of reading and with what could be called "the popular State." All modern European States, with the exception of, perhaps, the Russian, are popular States. In all modern States the people in some way or another determine who they will support, whether they will support Mr. Chamberlain or Herr Hitler. Therefore it is necessary for all modern rulers to make propaganda for themselves.

In some States this propaganda is made permanently by one group, as it is in all States during wartime. In other States, when they are unusually rich or unusually united, or have unusual amounts of possession beyond the seas, propaganda is also allowed to be made against the rulers. If this propaganda, however, becomes so violent and strong that it causes interior fighting in the

State, and disunites the citizens so that they are in danger of becoming a prey to some other State, then it is usually stopped. A great mass of the citizens may decide it has become against the general interest, and it is better to allow only one group to make propaganda for everybody. Hence the folly of making very violent propaganda unless you are ready to have propaganda taken over by the State.

When propaganda is not managed exclusively by one group it often begets its kind. The thesis, as Hegel would say, begets its antithesis. So there is a battle royal of propaganda. In France this battle is now fighting. But it has only recently begun in the English-speaking countries. Some day the winning propagandists of the moment may be surprised at the baby their propaganda is begetting.



A gruesome sight awaited the Nationalists in Castellon. This province was always noted for its Carlism and therefore its religious sentiments. For this reason, no doubt, the Popular Front had shown itself at its worst. More than 1,000 people had been butchered for their loyalty to the Faith in 1936. All the churches were destroyed. That of Santa Maria, a lovely feat of Gothic architecture dating back to the 14th century and declared by the State to be a national, and therefore untouchable, monument was taken down stone by stone. A piece of wasteland was left in its place. The streets had been given the names of Karl Marx, Dimitrof and other illustrious Communists.

As the nationalist vanguard moved up the streets dead bodies of defenseless inhabitants, men, women and children, met their horrified gaze. More than four hundred had been murdered at the last moment. The Bolsheviks, before evacuating the town had decoyed the unfortunate beings into the streets by cheering General Franco and pretending in various ways to be the first men of his battalions to enter the town. Hardly had these poor people burst into exclamations of joy than they were ruthlessly shot down.

In the same way the ruffians shouted down into the bomb-proof shelters and then threw hand grenades into the acclaiming crowds.

\*See page 36.

The Marquis Merry del Val in *The Catholic Herald* (1 July, '38).

# Plaint of a Catholic Mother

LIFE AND THE CATHOLIC SNOB SISTERS

ANONYMOUS

Condensed from *The Commonwealth*\*

**Social workers** maintain that children are too extravagant for the poor; now social snobs decree that large families are too vulgar for the rich. Wives, middle-class conscious, are frightened lest their fertility be mistaken for unsocial animalism. Today, a lawyer and a psychiatrist can make anything respectable except a large family. To be "the proud mother of a big family" was the vocation, until recently, of the average American mother. Now the self-idolatrous withering element in our society has succeeded in making motherhood almost indecent. The poor face maternity more easily than the Christian well-bred mother of many can face the condescending wonder of her friends. Their judgment is unvoiced and unmistakable: "She must be stupid or very sensual."

The brave, good mother of this article deserves our thanks for putting words to a contemporary state of mind all the more vicious because it was wordless.

If the healthy married desire children as normal people do, and are hindered from exercising this natural right by economic hazards,

why in God's name and in the name of the American people is there no concerted effort made to save this natural right by abolishing these economic ills? Obviously those who have wealth and no children should subsidize these who have children and no wealth. The sterile rich rightly fear the harassed Madonna of the poor. They have greater cause to fear the new Madonna of the drugstore for she has nothing to lose by a revolution.

—Rev. John Monaghan.

True indeed that our grandmothers had large families of children, and that they endured much in suffering and toil to bear and raise these children. They had no canned sieved vegetables, no disposable diapers, none of the other many conveniences which we modern mothers enjoy. But one thing they did have, and that was the sympathy and support of their relatives and friends.

That my grandmother was to have another baby might have been considered unfortunate, but surely not culpable from either a personal or a social viewpoint.

But there is no sympathy for the

\*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. July 15, 1938.

mother of today. There is only a curt, "Well, what did you get that way for?" And don't imagine for one moment that these relatives and friends expect her to deny her husband his marital rights!

Complete continence for a priest or even for an engaged couple, is one thing, while complete continence for a husband and wife, who by necessity sleep in the same room and are always together in unrelieved intimacy, is quite another.

And the worst of it is, that there is no time when a man needs the assurance of his wife's love and affection as much as when he is unemployed or has met other reverses in the world outside the home. Yet to bring a child into the world at such a time is considered unpardonable, and not only by Margaret Sanger and her cohorts, but by the girl's own nearest and dearest, many of them supposedly good Catholics.

Even under much more favorable circumstances, a sense of guilt at having more than two or three children, at having them close together is pressed upon a woman from all sides. Small wonder if the number and the nearness and dearness of those bringing the pressure to bear, may in time outweigh her sense of sin.

The news of my first baby's coming was greeted by my mother's copious tears, "Oh, Mary, so soon!

Why weren't you more careful?" And my mother-in-law wailed, "Poor John! Saddled already with this expense and responsibility!"

A little later Junior is a year old, and we have gone home to visit his idolizing grandparents. He is a fine, husky lad, but his care requires work, of course, and I am often tired (as I often was from parties or exams during my schoolgirl days), and I sometimes have an upset stomach (as I have had at intervals since early childhood). But everything now is due to the baby, and Dad says he certainly hopes I shall never have to go through this again, and Mother admonishes me at parting, "Now, Mary, you're going back to John, but don't you dare have another baby right away. It just wouldn't be fair to yourself or to any of us."

But my husband and I love each other. We have not seen each other for months, and in spite of all the warnings there is soon another baby on the way. I feel miserable, but the nausea is only a minor ordeal beside that of breaking the news to my family and to John's.

As time for the baby's arrival draws near, the relatives become almost reconciled. The two children will be companionable, and it is perhaps the thing for us to have our family while we are young and have them out of the way. (It is taken

for granted that the two children are to be my "family.")

"Little sister" proves to be another boy but I have an easier time than with my first, and I am quite proud of myself as well as of my husky new son. Mother has insisted on giving up a planned trip, although I begged her not to. Then one day I happened to make an unfortunate comment about feeling weak, and she snapped, "You should never have had any children at all."

Now my bitterest enemy could not have wished me a worse fate. Even at the age of 12 I wrote in my diary: "Mother says she thinks I'm going to be the old maid of the family. But I'm not. I don't care about the man, but I *am* going to have children." So, hurt and angry, I demand to know what is wrong with my children.

Yet if I had had to have an appendectomy or a gall bladder operation my family would have overwhelmed me with their solicitude and sympathy—surely they never would have thrown it up to me that I had spoiled their vacation. As it is, I have produced a fine child, and there is a perpetual grumbling about "the suffering and the sacrifice and the expense" involved.

As I lay there thinking about it all, it seemed very strange to me how in this day and age no sacrifice

is too great for parents to make to *save* the life of a child. They may impair their health and their finances to an unlimited extent, and it is regarded by all as only right and proper. Yet no sacrifice whatsoever, to health or finances or even to comfort is to be suffered to *give* a child life.

Do I seem to make out my relatives as unnatural misanthropes? They are far from it. They adore what children they have, and what grandchildren. Nothing is too good for these children, no sacrifice too great. But like practically all other grandparents I know, they want no more, and each new child in prospect is the thief of the precious one before. I must hasten to add that although I, myself, am a Catholic both my parents and in-laws are Protestant, and see in the practice of birth control not a sin but a duty. Yet on all sides of me, I see Catholic parents who, while not so outspoken perhaps, have exactly the same attitude.

And my younger Catholic friends, do they say, "I'm a good Catholic. I take my children as they come"? No. One says to me, "If I hadn't had such an awful time with Ann, there might have been others." Another says, "My husband is crazy for a boy. But how do I know the next one would be a boy? I might go on having girls indefinitely." Others

say nothing, for Catholic women, it is true, do not talk of birth control with the same matter-of-fact frequency that my Protestant friends do, but there is something very suspicious in a woman having two children in the first three years of her married life, or three in the first five, and then never having another.

I recently belonged to a Catholic Women's Club composed principally of married American women of good family and education. The average attendance at the monthly meeting was around 25, and at least 75% of these were married women of child-bearing age. Yet in the two and a half years I was a member, I know of only two babies being born—both first children of recently married girls. Our president had been married about 12 years and had two children, our vice-president had been married about 18 and had one child, our secretary also had one child, our treasurer, two. One lone member under 50 had four children. There is something quite unnatural in these statistics, which I am sure would differ little from those for a similar group of non-Catholics.

I am not trying to hold myself up

as an exemplary Catholic. True, I am soon to have a third child, of which "appalling" fact I shall keep my family in blissful ignorance as long as possible. But three children is still a "respectable" number. Also, through no merit of my own, I was born with a love of children, and so far my duty has pretty well coincided with my pleasure. But I am still young. I have many child-bearing years before me. My husband and I are still in love, as I pray we may continue to be, and I see no reason why we should not go on having children at the same rapid rate. After four or five, what then? In the face of bitterest family opposition, shall I continue to be so "superior"? I do not know.

But one thing I do know. If we young Catholic mothers had a little more moral support from others than our priests, and if a few more people seemed to feel that in bearing children we were performing a worth-while service rather than unnecessarily encumbering the earth, fewer of us would fall by the wayside and wait presumptuously for our "safe" middle years to return to the table of our Lord.



Wilton, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS: The *Plaint of a Catholic Mother* has aroused in at

least one of your readers a fervent hope that you intend to present in your columns the position of that



group of Catholic women who, faced with the necessity for family limitation, meet their problem in full conformity with the law of the Church, as promulgated by our Holy Father himself.

In a slightly self-righteous fashion, "Anonymous" looks askance at her co-religionists whose families consist only of two or three children. Does she realize that these parents may be forced by economic conditions (dare I suggest it?), by reasons of health or by other equally pressing circumstances of which she knows nothing?

To such couples there are open two courses. One is, of course, the "complete continence" to which your contributor refers. That this is the heroic way, no one denies. There is, however, another way, requiring, it is true, intelligent self-control and continence during certain periods of time. It seems to me that every Catholic husband and wife should unite in gratitude and renewed devotion to the Father through whose Divine Providence modern science has been able to produce another miracle. For miracle it most certainly is that, at the very time when external conditions are pressing most sharply upon family life, a way of determining the

sterile and fertile periods in the menstrual cycle of the average woman has been presented to us by medical science.

So let me assure "Anonymous" that there are couples who lead a normal, if restricted, married life under the advice of their confessors and directed by a Catholic physician. Far from waiting for the "safe middle years to return to the table of our Lord," together, they seek there the courage and mutual consideration which will make their family life and home more truly Christian.

The comments of friends and relatives should have little concern for the couple who have reached a common understanding in their philosophy of life. One can hardly expect non-Catholic parents to have the same point of view as Catholics upon birth control and many other fundamental problems. As to Catholic parents—it has not been my experience to meet many with the attitude to which "Anonymous" refers but if such do exist there is good field for missionary work on the part of young couples who face their problems intelligently and according to the dicta of Church and conscience.

ANOTHER CATHOLIC MOTHER.

# In an Anglican Monastery

By AN EX-ANGLICAN MONK

So near, and yet so far

Condensed from *The Catholic Herald*\*

**To the average** cradle Catholic it must seem almost incredible that there should be such a thing as an Anglican Monastery, inhabited by sincere men leading a life not unlike the life led by some of our own more austere religious.

Still more of a shock (almost an explosion) must it be to such a Catholic when he purchases some religious book by an author whose orthodoxy would seem to be guaranteed by the letters O.S.B. after his name, only to find he has bought a book by a Protestant who considers himself a Benedictine and that the royalties of his purchase go to the support of his monastery in the Church of England!

When, in 1924, I paid my first visit to the community of which I was to become a member it was still at Pershore Abbey, not yet having moved to its more commodious quarters at Nashdom—a fine Lutyns house in Buckinghamshire.

The atmosphere and setting of Pershore were very impressive. At the time, I was little more than 17 years of age and had come "hot from school," in spite of protesting relations, to see, as a guest, if I could live the life of a monk, and I

left a week later determined to try in spite of what relations might say.

Of the life of the monks at Pershore no one could have anything but praise, although as a guest it frightened me, and I remember there seemed to my sensitive instincts something a trifle sordid in the rough life and perhaps rather grubby habits of the monks as they returned from their work on the farm; indeed after my first two days in the guest quarters I almost ran away!

However, no sooner had I left the abbey and was in the train home than I found that my heart had somehow got left behind in those rather sordid and rough surroundings. So it came about that within a month I was knocking on the abbey door once more as a would-be postulant. This time it was the back door and not the front, and it was opened by the Prior, who was in the middle of cooking a rather indigestible supper. I hope that if he should read these words he will forgive me for saying I still bear a reminder of his culinary efforts in a ruined digestion! Well do I remember those flat, white-looking dishes tasting strongly of india rub-

\*67, Fleet St., London, E.C.4, England. June 17, 1938.

ber, candle-ends and such like.

The first few weeks were hard. There was work in the kitchen; there was dirt; there was strange companionship and awful food, and I wished I had never come near the place.

I well remember the choirmaster (an authority on plain chant and a real artist) remarking that whereas it was hard to distinguish between the coffee and the tea one could always tell the cocoa which we had at supper because it was always burnt. But I think I found the dormitory hardest because it meant there was no privacy at all, even at night. "The abbey" was only a small and very unpractical Victorian house built for a small family and staff with a single bathroom and sanitary arrangements, sufficient only for a few people. These things, together with the heavy manual labor and extreme poverty, made strict cleanliness hard. The house was also horribly damp and the chapel was the only heated room, although on Sundays we had a fire in the library during the afternoon. The chapel was a "best bedroom" converted, and in these restricted quarters we met five or six times a day for the Office, "Mass" and meditation.

The full Monastic Office was said and sung (in Latin, of course) with the utmost care and reverence and with real devotion.

After reading this no one will be surprised to hear that the life was severe and that only about one in 20 of those who "tried their vocation" lasted more than a few months—indeed 24 hours was sometimes enough to disillusion a postulant.

And yet on some points the life was less austere than one might expect; there was more individual liberty than in a Catholic monastery and monks, even novices, were allowed home for a fortnight every year and the spirit was on the whole less rigid than in our religious houses, and over all presided the mysterious personality of Fr. Denys Prideaux, the Abbot, whose influence pervaded everything but who was seldom seen and hardly ever spoke.

D. Denys Prideaux, as he was known "in religion," came from the famous Cornish family of that name. He was baptized with the name of Gostwock and educated at Winchester and Clare College, Cambridge. His scholarship was quite prodigious and in his way he must have been the most learned man in the Church of England. He could read or write or speak with the utmost fluency in Greek or Latin and in all European languages as well as in most Eastern ones.

Once he turned *The Hound of Heaven* into the most perfect Latin

elegiacs for me and, in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the Latin version was an improvement on the original. He was a most charming letter writer and once, after I had left the community to become a Catholic and was at the time in Rome, he wrote me:

"I read Livy in my bath this morning and all the Roman *majestas*, *pietas*, and *gravitas* come back—even in a bath! You see how potent—shall I say eternal—they are. Of course, St. Peter has given them their true meaning. . . . I think it was Chesterton's *Resurrection of Rome* which I was reading last night that sent me back to Livy in my bath this morning and, after all, how appropriately, for did not the old Romans read in their baths? You will not have forgotten your classics."

When I came one morning to sweep out his room, I surprised him, shaving, with a Russian Grammar open before him—he reckoned to learn a language a year and never read a book in translation, "it was so much more satisfactory to learn the language first and then read the book in the original!"

His patristic learning was remarkably thorough, and he also had an uncanny gift of remembering where to find anything in any book he had once read, no matter how long ago.

He once told me the chief reason

the Reformation had succeeded in England was because the Reformers had managed to banish St. Thomas and Scholastic Philosophy, but the moment they returned would be the beginning of the death of the Church of England, for then Englishmen would begin once more to think logically.

But for all this D. Denys Prideaux was a queer character and his greatest friends could not have called him quite normal in the usual acceptance of the word. He was undoubtedly eccentric and his sensitiveness and modesty were carried to an extreme that seemed morbid—he destroyed his Latin translation of *The Hound of Heaven* because he heard I had shown it to people, and when abroad he would never speak in the language of the country before English people. His otherwise fine character was marred by fits of depression that made those responsible for him anxious; to those that knew and respected him he was always a sad and lonely character.

I have often been asked why he did not come into the Church and he had more than once said to me (in moments of irritation, it is true) that he did not see how anyone in their senses could remain an Anglican. But the answer, why he remained in the Church of England is not, it seems to me, far to seek, although it must seem incredible to

one who did not know him . . . he had never really faced the problem, but had always run away from it and he could not see the wood for the trees.

But what of the other monks? I look back to the years I spent as a brother in their midst full of gratitude and esteem for their charity and patience in dealing with my physical and spiritual infirmities. They were, of course, a mixed body, and while some, as far as one can say by living in their company, were quite exceptionally good and virtuous others were perhaps rather less so. The tone and spirit of the community was very good, although there were moments when human feelings ran high over some dispute. There was the usual camp of "fresh-air fiends" who insisted on windows being open in coldest weather, and there was the opposite camp who shut the windows whenever they could, which was not seldom; a detail most people will say, but it is strange how such details can get on people's nerves when they are living together under an exacting regime.

Why do they not become Catholics? The answer is *partly* to be found in the fact that these good men are living in a world of their own; they lead a more or less enclosed life where they meet only those who have the same opinions

as themselves; they read only Catholic books and those are never controversial ones; they hear only one Catholic Liturgy and they seldom discuss the problems of the Church of England; indeed discussion is forbidden, although one novice, or rather new postulant, nearly turned the whole community upside down and got turned out for saying he did not believe in the Immaculate Conception!

Also, in spite of the fact they profess so much of Catholic dogma *in theory* many of the most "extreme" are *in practice* bitterly anti-Catholic, although they are quite unaware of the fact. They will talk airily of "going over to Rome," but it is a step that it is hard to imagine some of them ever taking.

I shall never forget the bitterness of one of the most "extremely Roman" members when I became a Catholic; how, when I ran into him just after having left the community and the wound was still livid after the wrench, he cut me dead. But, if one remembers that, one can never forget either the extraordinary charity of the other members of the community, when I took the step of leaving them to become a Catholic, and one can but hope this charity will have its reward in the gift of faith. And yet, viewing the community I find it hard to imagine them Catholics, hard to see them starting

again from the bottom and the hardest of all to see some of them undergoing the stern discipline of a novice in a Catholic Religious House.

Many Catholics are led to believe that apparently very sympathetic Anglo-Catholics are on the point of submitting to the authority of the Church, but speaking from a very intimate knowledge of the situation, I would strongly emphasize that it

is often those most seemingly sympathetic Anglo-Catholics who are furthest from the Church. Good and holy men as many of them are, submission to authority is not a strong point with them. I would also repeat that this apparent sympathy is only theoretical in many cases and as I can testify again from experience, it is these very people who are most bitter when brought up against the Church in practice.



### *Role of a Priest*

From Boys Town, Nebraska, where Father Flanagan, the States' Don Bosco, organizes his vast camp for homeless boys, comes the news that "shooting" has started on the film of the Town which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are making with Spencer Tracy in the part of Father Flanagan. The boys think heaven has come to them from Hollywood at last.

I wanted to know exactly how Mr. Tracy viewed his second-time role of Catholic priest—the first time was in *San Francisco*. So I asked Mr. Tracy his opinion of himself.

"I know you'll think it's blarney, but it's deadly serious. For the second time in my life I'm playing a part my entire nature rebels against. Once before I played the part of a priest. I fought against taking that part, not at all because it wasn't respectful and factual, but because I didn't consider myself capable of playing the role of a priest. I still think no one can properly portray such a character without having lived as one. Maybe I'm not a real actor, but sometimes one's heredity and environment conspire to make a particular task almost hopeless.

"This time, instead of putting a fictitious person on the screen, I'm playing the part of a great gentleman, who is still alive. I'll never be the man Father Flanagan has proven himself to be. Long after I'm forgotten, Father Flanagan will go down in history's pages as one of the great humanitarians of the 20th century. And I'm supposed to be him, in a screen version of his life. It's a tough assignment. But I think maybe I can do better by him than other men who might consider him in a different light. I respect that man."

Iris Conlay in *The Catholic Herald* (1 July, '38).



# They Reared Babe Ruth

Scenes of his childhood

By MARIE O'DEA

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**Sports writers** have called him the Sultan of Swat, the Babe, the Bambino, the Home Run King. The English language has been taxed for adjectives to describe him. But tucked away in the great ledgers of Saint Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore is an obscure page headed simply: George Herman Ruth, discharged Feb. 27, 1914—to join the Baltimore Baseball Team.

Babe Ruth was just 8 years old the first time he entered Saint Mary's in June, 1902. His father's saloon in Baltimore demanded attention day and night. His mother died while George was still a boy. To the Xaverian Brothers at Saint Mary's fell the task of bringing up the youngster and training him for life.

During those impressionable years the Babe exhibited many of the temperamental outbursts that punctuated his later career. At such times Brother Matthias, then prefect of discipline, straightened him out and Ruth was devoted to him.

The boy was also fond of Brother Paul, superior at Saint Mary's for 18 years and afterwards Superior-General of the Xaverian Order.

This famous religious has exerted a great influence upon Ruth even in later years. For instance, there was that great day when the young slugger batted out the extra home run that shattered all previous records. A glorious spasm suddenly rocked the stands and the Yankee dugout exploded in his face, but the Babe was faster than the demonstration. Off the field and into the clubhouse he raced. He hit the telephone booth like a bullet and excitedly called Baltimore. In a few seconds he was pouring out the story into the appreciative ears of Brother Paul. Afterwards he reappeared on the field to receive fandom's acclaim, and, incidentally, to finish the game. That was the real Babe.

Later when he blundered into trouble, Brother Paul remarked, "That boy needs a talking to." Forthwith he boarded a train for New York. Brother Paul did the talking and Ruth staged a spectacular comeback.

But to go back to his school days, perhaps his closest pal among the Brothers was the young and athletic Brother Herman who had charge of the boys at recreation in the yard. Brother Herman frequently played

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Aug., 1938.

baseball with the future star and literally batted his way into the boy's heart. When Ruth was about to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation he was asked what name he would select. Unhesitatingly, he replied, "Herman," and George Ruth became George Herman Ruth.

The boys at Saint Mary's are usually taught some trade and Ruth was quite a success in the clothes factory. As Brother Clarence puts it, "He would have been a very good tailor, too, if Jack Dunn hadn't stepped in."

But Jack Dunn did step in. One day the owner of the Baltimore Orioles stood watching a fast-moving baseball game on the school's diamond. His trained eye focused upon one boy who was throwing into the game every bit of energy and intelligence that he possessed. Dunn was fascinated by the lad's speed, his accuracy, his timing and his heavy hitting. Here was a youngster who instinctively avoided most of the errors of the amateur; here was a boy who already employed many of the tricks that rookies found so difficult; here was a *natural* baseball player. Interviews, conferences, contracts, signatures followed, and George Herman Ruth became Jack Dunn's Babe, the most famous alumnus of Saint Mary's and, withal, one of her most loyal sons.

But what of the school he left behind him? It was then almost a half-century old. It dated back to a time when the Civil War was nearing its close, families had become scattered, fathers and brothers were dead or still at the front, discipline was lax and growing youngsters roved the streets uncurbed. The Xaverian Brothers had only recently come to the U. S. from Belgium. Their special work was the training of boys, and Archbishop Spaulding persuaded them to undertake the reform of the Catholic side-steps. In 1866, Saint Mary's Industrial School was established on a beautiful hill to the southwest of the city. Orphans and boarders were admitted as well as the boys committed by the State.

It was a success from the start. The wise Brothers settled upon a policy of reform rather than punishment, guidance rather than correction, although there was adequate discipline.

The years passed, more and more wayward boys found themselves, the 20th century slipped into existence, Babe Ruth came and went, the World War brought new problems, Saint Mary's became increasingly famous. The year 1919 was well under way. Then, suddenly, came tragedy!

A spark, a flame, a raging, monstrous inferno! Within a few hours

Saint Mary's lay devastated. Two firemen were killed, many injured. Nine hundred homeless boys sought shelter. The Brothers were frantic, the State worried, the boys, themselves, and the alumni, heartbroken.

It was Babe Ruth who helped save the disastrous situation. He was a celebrity then, an attraction on every diamond in the American League, and he turned his popularity into a life-giving serum for Saint Mary's. On an impulse, he sent for the school's famous band. With characteristic showmanship Ruth and his band paraded around the circuit, moving the fans with the story of his Alma Mater's misfortune. The crowds loved him for it and showed their approval in cash.

The Babe and his band became a funnel into which the pennies, the quarters, the dollars flowed lavishly. Out of the other end came a fine, modern greystone building housing classrooms, seven dormitories, an infirmary, a library, shops, a well-equipped stage, a swimming pool and a magnificent chapel where athletic young saints smile down from stained-glass windows. The boys moved in, the band came home and Saint Mary's settled back to its task of rehabilitation.

Boys from the Juvenile Courts of Baltimore and throughout Maryland come to Saint Mary's for training. All the Catholic delinquents and

many of other denominations are committed to the Xaverians. Many of them have never heard of any era except depression. They have never seen that familiar sign that once hung in store windows: "Boy Wanted." The school is like a hospital for boys who need a build-up of character. Corporal punishment is not favored as a cure.

Boys of sub-normal mentality are not accepted and about a year ago the school closed its doors to new students under ten years of age. The Brothers now discourage the admission of orphans and will accept them only if there is no other home for them. Delinquents usually stay only two or three years and most of them have a home to which they can return. Orphans have no such home and must remain until they are 18. Usually, too, they are not troublesome and their problem is different. The present policy of the school is to concentrate as far as possible on the moral adjustment of wayward lads.

Many of the boys do not have the mental capacity to absorb their studies. The Brothers have found that education, as it is standardized today, often sweeps over these boys and they become discouraged at their own helplessness. Discouragement leads to truancy and truancy to delinquency. The Brothers do not force studies upon such cases.

Instead they are placed in one of the school's shops to learn a trade. Frequently they are highly successful, attaining an unexpected degree of skill. They have opportunities in many fields, too.

There is the clothes factory where Babe Ruth was learning to be a tailor. He could have been making \$18 or \$20 a week right now if he had kept at it! The printing establishment is complete in every detail and the boys learn to solve the mysteries of the linotypes, the printing processes. There is a first-class garage on the premises and it turns out excellent mechanics. The newest class is for prospective chauffeurs.

The very maintenance of the school and its occupants develops a number of other trades. The frequent repair of the 700 pairs of boys' shoes and the 100 pairs belonging to the staff is a task of major proportions. The apprentice barbers also have a steady job and the haircuts are quite professional. The laundry is going almost continuously as the Brothers insist upon immaculate cleanliness. The upkeep of innumerable motors, switches, electrical equipment of all kinds, wiring and light provide training for those learning to be electricians. Work is always awaiting future plumbers and carpenters.

About 120 boys are learning in-

strumental music. The school boasts several bands and every member aspires "to make the big band." Discordant brass notes cut the air during many of the recreation periods as the boys slip off to the practice rooms in their free time. The Saint Mary's Industrial School Band is as famous as Notre Dame's football team and a place on the "big band" is more desirable than being first string quarterback at Yale. In 1928, at Joliet, Illinois, the Saint Mary's Band captured the national championship for high schools of 500 and less, an almost incredible feat considering the competition.

Here, indeed, is a school that is unique the world over. Respect and reverence are flooded with warm friendship. No school ever had such loving and loyal alumni. Every visiting Sunday finds scores of the boys back renewing old friendships, making new acquaintances, walking reminiscently about the corridors and grounds. Every time one of them gets married he proudly brings his bride out to Saint Mary's, knowing that she will be greeted enthusiastically.

Such a spirit helps one to understand why Babe Ruth on one occasion turned down 25 invitations in order to attend a simple little Xaverian School Alumni banquet. Saint Mary's gives her sons new hearts and they keep them for life.

# A New Cult

Worship of a shirt

By F. P. K.

*Condensed from Central-Blatt and Social Justice\**

Wherever the Reformation of the 16th century succeeded, all but a few of the holydays customary in Catholic times were eliminated. Even Christmas day was not observed in Scotland and New England under the Calvinistic dispensation. Consequently, in many parts of Europe the poor man's working days were increased to a considerable extent, since 53 holydays—besides the Sundays—were not uncommon in pre-Reformation times.

Once the rationalism of the 18th century had found expression in the economic doctrines of Adam Smith, holydays were denounced for interfering with production and the creation of wealth. The protagonists of the new industrialism both in Europe and America attributed the economic backwardness of countries, such as Italy and Spain, to Catholicism and, of course, to the holydays which, they said, promoted indolence.

At present the ant and the bee no longer appear paragons of perfection to a generation of men beset by what is wrongly called overproduction instead of misdirected production and consumption. Long hours of work and Sunday work,

have, fortunately, been curbed to a considerable extent. Five-day weeks reduce the number of working days in a calendar year to the minimum customary in Catholic times. With this difference, however: Feast days were instituted to glorify God, and their spiritual nature influenced also the civic and private celebration of the day. Protestant observers of Catholic holydays in Italy or the Tyrol discovered an atmosphere of carefree, though orderly joyousness. Travelers from all parts of the continent were, on the other hand, shocked to observe (not merely the which to them appeared so abominable) the gloom of the English and Scotch Sabbath which appeared, but in addition the terrible poverty and degradation of the laboring masses of England and their inability to enjoy a holiday in a care-free manner. Drink was, 100 years ago, virtually the only diversion of the English poor—and the vast majority of the workers were that. Heinrich Heine, a liberal Jew, having visited England, declared he was astonished the sea had not swallowed the infernal island of hypocrisy and tears long ago.

Since then labor has struggled

\*3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo. July-Aug., 1938.

for shorter working hours, elimination of Sunday work, and of late for a five-day week. But all these gains, won at tremendous cost, merely constitute what laborers and artisans of former times possessed to a higher degree even, because of the religious significance of the days free from toil. Their leisure was influenced by the culture which produced in profusion the objects of art men today admire in museums, even when torn out of the sacred habitat for which they had been intended.

Some day the "modern State" may abolish both Thanksgiving and Christmas as incompatible with the policy of complete separation of Church and religion from the State. And while Cromwell was prevented from abolishing the observation of the feast of Christmas for fear of arousing discontent among the masses, it is questionable whether 50 or 75 years from now the elimination of Thanksgiving and Christmas day would be resented by very many.

Secular holidays are merely part of a program intended to emphasize the benevolence of the State and its solicitude for the citizens. To an extent they reveal also the tendency of the modern State to supersede the Church, society, and even the family. But in order to perform its virtually impossible mission this

authoritarian State must exact from its citizens not merely obedience to its laws but also a homage recalling to mind the cult demanded by the Roman emperors. Thus the flag-cult of our days is a necessary corollary to the deification of the State, a symbol of the mass-will in a modern democracy. In the absence of the monarch who personifies, as it were, the power and dignity of a nation, republics develop symbols and emblems and demand for them outward signs of respect.

This is the danger inherent in Fascism: the dictator claims to be carrying out the mandates of the party and the party represents the will of the people. In Russia tyranny hides under the mantle of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," whose prophet is Stalin. To deny the salute of the clenched fist or outstretched hand is to invite removal to a concentration camp, torture, or exile perhaps. Even the party "vestments," black or brown shirts, are sacred symbols of power and authority, and this is true to an even greater degree of emblems, as for instance, the sickle and hammer or the swastika.

Such is the "New Freedom" the world faces today. Its cult had its inception in the liberty pole erected by the soldiers of the first French Republic as they penetrated Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Germany,



singing the Marseillaise and compelling the inhabitants of villages and cities to dance around this new symbol of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, surmounted by a red Phrygian cap which freed slaves were privileged to wear in ancient Greece and Rome.



### A Kiss

Ladies presented at Court make their much practiced curtsy and are rewarded with a bow and a smile. Time was when some of them could have expected a kiss from both the King and the Queen.

During the reigns of the early Georges the King kissed every lady presented to him, but the Queen kissed only the daughters of earls or noblemen of higher rank.

It is recorded that when the daughter of a wealthy city knight was being presented at Court in the time of George II, the Queen was about to salute her on the cheek, as though she were the daughter of an Earl or a Duke, when a Gentleman-in-Waiting sprang forward and cried in tones of horror, "Don't kiss her, your Majesty. She isn't a real lady!"

*The Catholic Fireside* (10 June, '38).



### The Frog

This essay on frogs, written by a young Norwegian and published by the Chicago Board of Education, was quoted recently by Viscountess Davidson, M.P.

"What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand, he sit, almost; when he hop, he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly; he ain't got no tail, hardly, either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

*The Catholic Fireside* (10 June, '38).



### Serious Suggestion

If you wish to cure the ills of society by sterilization you should start with the over-intelligent. The worst crimes, the most widespread blights, are not caused by subnormal or mental defectives, but by intelligent people. Child labor, sweatshops, religious, political and racial persecution, stock manipulation, bank delinquencies, graft at the expense of the country, intrigues and high grade murder, war and its horrors, are not caused by the morons, but by the intelligent.

Professor W. F. Tait of McGill University, Montreal.

# Wings of Mercy

Condensed from *The Rock*\*

Bombing planes minus bombs

In the progress of flight, history is being made almost daily. While, however, page after page of this story is being so written that future ages will read it with shame, there is amongst them one that to the end of time will be read with thankfulness for the honor of humanity, and on that page will be read the name of China. It is the story of the flight to Osaka. For the first time in the history of aerial warfare giant planes have flown to an enemy country, not bringing destruction and death to innocent non-combatants but a message of peace.

New bombing machines were obtained by China, machines more powerful than any yet used in the war. Here was an opportunity of reply, horror for horror, terror for terror; let the Japanese people know what war means and perhaps they will help to have it stopped. Common sense seemed to demand it; violence seemed the only language the enemy could understand; military necessity told that many voices in the higher command urged retaliation, but the soul of China spoke through the majority: "We are fighting a war of defense; we bear no enmity against the Japanese people; we shall bomb no defense-

less cities." And the aeroplanes flew to Japan and returned without dropping any bombs.

When the papers first told of the flight of the Chinese aeroplanes to Japan, people were frankly incredulous. The thing seemed impossible. The papers told of the messages dropped in leaflets: "We had you at our mercy. We have no enmity against you. We treat your prisoners well. China is not a Communist country as your military leaders say. We want you to see that we desire nothing but peace."

There is no doubt that this raid of the Chinese planes has won a greater victory for China than if the city of Osaka had been wiped off the earth. The verdict of humanity may take a long time to be put into effect, but China, to whom 1,000 years are but as a century to most other nations, can afford to wait.

One could wish, for the sake of the good name of our common humanity, that it were possible to record that the message of mercy had its effect, and that into this ghastly war there crept a humaner feeling, a recognition of the fact that cruelty is not strength, nor terrorism a legitimate, or wise, weapon of attack. But the effect seems to

\*P.O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. June, 1938.

have been the contrary, and in rapid succession came the tales of horror from Hsuehchow, from Amoy and from Canton.

When Nanking fell, and the story gradually became known of days and weeks of blood and lust that even strong men revolted to tell, one felt that a terrible mistake had been made, that against the wishes of officers, a brutalized soldiery had got out of hand, and that the same could never be repeated. The commander of the forces in that area was withdrawn and one hoped for a war that would at least be fought as between civilized nations. But soon news came that things were little better when new towns were captured, that women had still to flee rather than fall into the hands of troops marching in order under their officers, that mutilated bodies were still floating down the Yangtse, and then came the news that the deposed commander was re-instated on another front.

Then Hsuehchow fell. It fell after so gallant a defense one would have thought that no matter how proud the victorious troops, they would at least have felt some of that traditional soldiers' respect for brave foes, especially when they saw the shambles that had been made of peaceful homes and public buildings incapable of defense. But be-

fore long the same stories began to trickle through: murder, torture, rape, looting, destruction. In Shanghai a friend of a Japanese officer expressed surprise that the soldiers were allowed again to get out of hand. "Out of hand!" the officer replied. "They were not out of hand. They had gone through a very trying time, and had to be allowed some compensation."

Then came Amoy. Here in Hong Kong we are too near Amoy for any possibility of delusion as to the events that took place there. Refugees have poured in thousands into this colony and they have told of the things that they themselves saw. They tell of men rounded up and shot with machine guns in cold blood; civilian families flying in sampans made the target of grinning soldiers with hand grenades; aeroplanes flying low and machine gunning civilians trying to swim to safety. There is left no room for imagination.

The last chapter—so far—of the terrible story was the raid that made blood run on the streets of Canton the last days of May. The first few weeks of the war, when a terrible accident led to the dropping of bombs in the business district of Shanghai, people said with gratitude that at least it was not deliberate. Now the same thing has happened in Canton; and since it was

repeated again and again on several days, there can be no shadow of doubt but that it was intended. And lest there might be even a vestige of doubt, we read in the very same paper which described the Canton carnage that a petition signed by many members of the Japanese National Parliament had been sent to the government asking for the indiscriminate bombing of Hankow!

What are we to think of civilization, of humanity, if war is waged

with these weapons? Can we have any hope that whatever is the outcome of this war, of any future war, there will be left in the hearts of men any of those feelings that make life worth while, that build up happy homes again, and make a way for peace to return to earth? Fortunately for our dreams, and for the future of humanity, there is hope still left. We see it in the wings of mercy that sped to the East from a Chinese airfield, bringing a message of peace.



### *The Castellon Massacre*

Rather more than a fortnight ago Sir Henry Page Croft asked a question in the House of Commons calling the Government's attention to an alleged massacre by Red militiamen of civilians in sympathy with the Nationalist cause at Castellon.\* The gist of his accusation was to the effect that the militiamen tricked the populace into the belief that they were welcoming General Franco's troops, and, when they came out into the streets to do so, that they were shot in the back. This question was greeted with a storm of protest from Liberal and Labor members, and Sir Archibald Sinclair went so far as to say that it was "an outrageous use of the Order Paper." Since that time Sir Henry Page Croft has received a great mass of cables from Castellon confirming his statement and adding details by eyewitnesses. Amongst these are the Mayor of Castellon, the Vice-President of the Farm Workers' Union, the President of the Provincial Council, the President of the Official College of Doctors, the Manager of the Workers' Provident Fund, etc., etc. But perhaps the most telling evidence of all is the following quotation from the *Vanguardia*, the Communist organ of Barcelona: "The invaders have entered Castellon. Good. We know all that they have found in the town. Ruins and heaps of corpses of their own partisans."

*The Weekly Review* (14 July, '38).

\*See page 16.

# Are We Winning or...?

It is possible to lose

By BERNARD GRIMLEY, D.D., Ph.D.

Condensed from *Columba*\*

One of the biggest shocks of manhood has been the constantly increasing personal conviction that evil is centrally organized. I was well aware that it had its diabolical organizers, led by the greatest created mind, but one was not prepared for the central organization of evil amongst men, dupes of diabolical powers to some extent, but willing agents at the same time. For a long time now I cannot avoid the suspicion that the Grand Orient, or anti-God Freemasonry, and the Komintern are either the same thing or else allies so close that they are indistinguishable in operation.

It would take too long to gather together the strands of evidence, the shreds and hints and suggestions which have created this conviction in my mind. But there is such perfection of timing in the operation of all those forces which are antagonistic to the Christian tradition and culture that it is impossible to avoid this grim conviction.

Events are found to be coordinated in the political, financial, international and commercial spheres with deadly precision, and always in a direction that favors the Komintern's plans. Efforts at peace

are frustrated time after time when peace would be inimical to the designs of the Reds. The executive is certainly the Komintern, but is the Grand Orient the same thing under another name?

All one knows for certain is that they both want the same things, and that they both hate the same things. Amongst the things which they hate is the Catholic Church. Of all that she stands for, besides her dogmas and practices, (for example, respect for authority, the family decency and modesty, the independence of the worker, tradition, orderly progress and the rest) there is not one thing which they do not hate thoroughly. They are formidable. They are more "out in the open" now than ever before, but there is still much that they keep hidden about themselves. Their plans are never disclosed till they are in operation, but as the battle progresses it becomes less difficult to surmise where their next move will be made.

For nearly a year now I have been waiting for their attack upon Belgium. They were perhaps checked when that country abandoned its "protected" state, and

\*81 Berkeley St., Glasgow, C.3, Scotland. July, 1938.

with the consent of Great Britain and France elected to be neutral in major European politics. For we must never forget what *The Times* (London) at last recognized in an important article on the Komintern on May 3rd, that Paris is the center of one of the main subsidiaries of the Komintern, a propaganda center whence radiates the network of the great deception. Time may yet prove that Paris is the center of the executive, and Moscow only a façade, a show front.

Their attack upon Europe did not begin with Spain. It began with an attempted invasion of Poland just after the World War, in which the Reds were brilliantly defeated by Marshal Pilsudski, in one of the really decisive battles of the world. The present Pope was then Nuncio to Poland and lost nothing of the meaning of that object lesson. Then there was the eight months' blood bath to which Bela Cohen (*seu* Kahn) subjected Budapest and parts of Hungary. What deviltry they were up to in Britain at the time of the General Strike has never been revealed, though the mysterious Zinovief letter and the equally mysterious, and unsuccessful raid on the Arcos premises will perhaps, even in these days of short memories, be recalled. They show that we are not safe from the Komintern's operations, and if reference

is hardly ever made to the Moscow broadcasts to this country, England, it is not because there are none listening to them. There are circles of deceived workers all over the country who regard these broadcasts as the very Gospel.

In 1935 Dimitrof's Popular Front plan was officially endorsed and approved by the Komintern. The plan has five clearly discernible stages. They are Popular Front, Strikes and Disorders, Anarchy, Civil War, and finally the Revolution. The third stage, anarchy, is one of the most important. During it there is still a nominal government, but owing to its pledges to the Communists, and owing to its pronounced sympathies with the workers, it has been daily more paralyzed by strikes and disorders till it cannot function. At this stage begin the outrages on private property, church-burnings, assassinations and murders, which serve many useful purposes from the Red point of view. They give the maddened "workers" a taste of blood. They get rid of men and women who are regarded as possible enemies of the movement. They produce a state of panic, preventing organization by the law-abiding elements of the community, who are naturally enough inclined to stay at home and keep out of trouble. They test public reaction, and give an esti-



mate of the chances of success for a revolutionary *coup d'etat*. If, finally, they provoke reprisals in the form of attacks upon the workers' leaders and assassinations of them by infuriated citizens, these become valuable evidence in the hands of Red propagandists of "Fascist plots" and "reactionary sympathies" against a purely "democratic" government and movement.

What Dimitroff never bargained for was that anarchy might provoke a genuine, popular counter-revolution which would sweep all before it. Above all he never expected to be just too late with his revolutionary movement. In the Komin-tern's plans the civil war was to be only the first stage of the Revolution. In a short, sharp, and extremely thorough onslaught all "Fascists" and "reactionaries" were to be mowed down, and immediately the Revolution, proclaimed at the outset of the civil war, was to be accomplished. Speed is of the very essence of the attack, and so sure were the Komintern of the success which awaited them in Spain, where they had prepared everything minutely, that they literally liquidated the Catholic Church in vast tracts of Spain within a few days.

By that I do not mean merely the clergy. Too much attention altogether has been paid to the massacres of priests, and the worse than

massacres of nuns, perpetrated by the Reds in Spain. It was true enough, and no doubt bad enough, but concentration on it helped the Reds. Through it they were able to divert attention from their greater crime, by provoking controversy, charging the priests with reactionary sympathies, indifference to the poor and what not, which, even had it all been true, was so much dust in the eyes. It blinded so many to what was really going on, for, together with the priests and nuns, the whole fervent Catholic population was wiped out. When the truth became known, it turned world sympathy against the Reds.

In America it was reproachfully said at one time that there, and in Great Britain, Catholics would have rallied to defend their priests and churches. It was a revelation to them to be told that just those who would have rallied in Red Spain were all murdered. How many were thus slaughtered? Over a year ago I knew that the governments of France, the U. S. and Great Britain had been advised that on a conservative estimate 130,000 people had been killed, taken from their homes for a "ride" or shot on their hearths, in the three towns of Madrid, Barcelona, and Valencia alone. The other day, General Franco, who is very cautious in his pronouncements, said

in a broadcast that 400,000 in all have been executed in Red Spain by the myrmidons of the Komintern. Their crime? Their decent lives. Their devotion to the Catholic Church. In other words, the laity who were known for piety were regarded as being just as dangerous, were hated just as much as the priests and nuns, and killed with the same ferocity.

Barcelona was the headquarters of the Komintern in Spain, but Madrid the scene of major activity. It was confidently anticipated that between the end of July and the middle of August, in the year 1936, Spain would be subdued completely from these two centers, but the unexpected happened. A few generals and officers went down into the streets and called for volunteers, for at that time Spain had hardly any army left. The youths of Castile responded, and manned the passes of the Guadarramas to close Madrid's way to the north, and the peasants of Navarre decided that Spain had had enough of anarchy. Just in the nick of time the straggling army of Europe's greatest chivalry took the field, to wage an epic war against tremendous odds.

The war is still on, *but if it remains a Spanish affair and does not become international—which is always the deadly menace to the Spanish and Catholic cause—it is*

*now decided in favor of Spain against the Reds.* It is almost miraculous that it should be so, for everything which counts in this world was against the Nationalists: sympathy, propaganda, arms, money, international mercenaries, the Grand Orient and the Komintern. Especially the Komintern. So France, which was to have been plunged into the same hell that autumn, was saved. If the Reds could not beat the ragged peasants of Castile and Navarre led by the army officers and cadets, what chance had they against the French Army, still essentially sound in spite of Red infiltrations? With France out of Red clutches, Europe is still uneasily safe.

Are we winning? Ask me on the day that Franco is master of the whole of Spain, and I will tell you that we have won the major conflict, though the fruits of victory may be lost unless they are rapidly garnered. Ask me on the day that France possesses a government of National Unity, and I will tell you that we are almost in sight of complete victory. Ask me when Britain has either finally rejected or thoroughly defeated the Popular Front, and I will say that Europe has won its freedom, and that the stage is set for the final showdown, when a united Europe will face and menace the Komintern. Then that or-

ganization of evil must either dissolve or fight for it, but united Europe could not lose the fight. My consolation in these critical days is

that Europe usually manages to unite when threatened, but if it does so again it will be only in the nick of time.



### *Precision Wanted*

The great mass of the people have not heard of our religion: but they have heard its names and are inoculated against them. It is by seeing the Church in action and her social doctrine and its effects that the people will be converted.

A man who kept a harem would be excommunicated; what about a man who practices usury or sweating? Yet we suffer here rather from ignorance and indifference than from malice. It is not enough to be told it is a good idea to be just, we need particular pronouncements. We are not merely told to be chaste, we are told that contraception is unchaste, and left in little doubt of what may and may not be done. And the world knows it, too, "He," they say, "is a Roman Catholic, you know he wouldn't approve." There is no such recognition of Catholic social doctrine.

It is our duty both to find out and to propagate the exact implications in detailed practice or papal social doctrine. In this we must avoid two things: mere vaguely theorizing benevolence, and the claim that some private theory is papal doctrine, and that the Church is committed to some particular political system. But once the truth is discovered it must be so loudly proclaimed, enforced, and practiced, that the outside world is left in no doubt that there is a concrete Christian claim and practice of social justice.

In this we need the lead of the clergy and the hierarchy. If the people are not to think that general exhortations to justice are a mere sop to would-be Communists, we need as plain a voice in these matters as we have heard on euthanasia, state-education, or contraception. The findings of those who are trying to work out the implications of the encyclicals will be useless if they are not authoritatively sanctioned and enforced, or denied and corrected.

G. E. M. Anscombe in the *Catholic Herald* (8 July, '38).

# Astrid, Queen of the Belgians

By J. O'DONNELL

Beautiful in name and fact

Condensed from *The Redemptorist Record*\*

**For little** Belgian children it is bedtime. "Tell us a fairy story, Mammy," lisps a tiny tot as she climbs on her mother's knee, and the latter gladly begins: "Once upon a time a King's son met a marvelously beautiful Princess in a far Northern country. He fell in love with her and brought her back to his own country to wed her," and the children listen with rapt attention to the story. No fairy tale, however, is here told but the true history of Prince Leopold and Princess Astrid, the future King and Queen of Belgium.

Princess Astrid was the third daughter of Prince Charles of Sweden and was born on November 17, 1905, at Stockholm. She attended a secondary school, followed a course in nursing and perfected herself in the art of housekeeping; in a word, she was trained to be a young girl fully equipped to preside over a future home.

In 1926, Princess Astrid went to Copenhagen to visit Princess Axel, her sister. During her stay she attended a reception, and it was at this function she met her future husband, Prince Leopold. They were mutually attracted, and some

months later, Leopold visited Stockholm and met Astrid frequently at her home. He made many subsequent visits to the Swedish capital and, in spite of every effort to conceal his identity, his secret was discovered by the press, who referred to him as "Prince Charming." Some time later Astrid was invited to meet Leopold's parents and spent several happy weeks with them.

Finally the announcement of engagement was formally made by Prince Leopold's father, King Albert.

On the eighth of November, 1926, Princess Astrid arrived at Antwerp for the marriage ceremony. She was enthusiastically welcomed by the Belgian people, who thronged in thousands to the pier and cheered vociferously when they saw her standing, a white clad figure, "the Princess of the Snows," waving her handkerchief to them from the bridge of a Swedish cruiser. Amid the acclamations of the crowd she stepped ashore to be welcomed by the King and royal family. From Antwerp she went to Brussels, where the marriage ceremony was solemnized by the Primate of Belgium, Cardinal Van Roey.

\*Clonard Monastery, Belfast, Ireland. July-Aug., 1938.

Amid the universal rejoicing on the occasion of the marriage there was, however, one regret in the hearts of the Belgian Catholics. Astrid was not a Catholic; she was a Lutheran. The King and Prince Leopold had politely, but firmly, refused to have a Lutheran marriage in Stockholm followed by a Catholic marriage in Brussels. Nor would they consent to have the Protestant Primate invited to take part in the Catholic ceremony. The laws of the Church were to be faithfully obeyed. The fact remained, however, that Astrid was not a Catholic, and the marriage was solemnized by dispensation.

The attitude of the Princess herself in the matter of religion was thus summed up by Père Yves de la Brière: "The new Duchess of Brabant is not averse to the suggestion that she should make a study of the Catholic religion and, after due reflection and prayer, act according to the dictates of her conscience. But neither she, nor the Prince, nor King Albert, would expect a conversion solely on account of her marriage."

After four years of prayer and careful study Astrid decided to become a Catholic. This she did because the conviction grew on her that the Catholic Church was the true Church, and not for any reasons of state, as some writers at the

time untruly asserted. Her reception into the Catholic Church took place quietly in the chapel at Malines, where the great Cardinal Mercier had often celebrated Mass. Her decision was hailed with joy by the Catholics of Belgium, as they regarded her as a shining example of Christian virtue and were glad to see her united to them in faith.

The days passed happily and tranquilly at the Palace. Three children were born, Princess Josephine Charlotte, Prince Baudoin and Prince Albert. Astrid devoted as much time as possible to her children. Being so young herself, she entered wholeheartedly into all their games. She loved to wheel her own perambulator in the nearest park like other Belgian mothers, and was often heard to remark, "I wish to be a mother like other mothers."

Sometimes Astrid left home to travel with her husband. They visited Indo-China, the Philippines, and the Congo, but were always delighted to return to their own fireside and the joys of family life. Now and again they retired to a little sanctuary, very dear to them both, at Ciergnon, where they enjoyed a quiet, peaceful vacation. Leopold indulged in trout fishing and studied bird life, while Astrid, who loved flowers, but never liked

to cut them, spent many happy hours in the garden.

Switzerland also had a great attraction for them, as it has for so many others who delight in the beauty of God's creation. It was while on a visit to Switzerland that the tragic news of the King's death reached them. They returned immediately to a sorrowing people and, as Leopold was heir to the throne, he was duly proclaimed King, and Astrid became Queen of the Belgians.

Her sudden accession to an exalted dignity in no way altered Astrid's gracious simplicity of manner. She had the gift of being familiar and gracious without loss of dignity.

Her love of the poor and suffering endeared her to everyone. She not only gave her money freely, but she had a heartfelt sympathy for all who suffered. Begging letters innumerable poured in upon her, and among them one day was a letter from a poor woman whose husband was out of work. His clothes were in tatters, the woman said, and she added that as he was the same build as the King, the King's cast-off clothes would fit him. To the surprise of the household, the Queen had a parcel of the King's clothes immediately despatched to the poor petitioner.

When the revaluation of the franc

swept away the savings of many of the poor of Belgium, the Queen's heart was sad indeed. But she would never be content with mere idle sympathy. She made a touching, personal appeal to the country for help for those in distress. The response showed how the people loved her. Subscriptions poured in from all parts of the country. In a few weeks, six million francs were subscribed and nearly 2,000 local committees were busy distributing 10 million articles of clothing. The palace of Bellevue was turned into a receiving depot, and the Queen personally superintended the distribution of everincreasing stocks of supplies.

When Astrid became a Catholic she became a genuine one. In particular, she was remarkable for that devotion which is characteristic of all good Catholics, devotion to the Queen of Heaven. In Ciergnon, for instance, there is a shrine of our blessed Lady where the neighboring peasants pray and make offerings of flowers and candles. During one of her visits to the place, Astrid asked the Curé if she might keep a key to the chapel. She wished to be able to enter at any time and arrange the flowers and candles herself.

The last public appearance of Queen Astrid was in July, 1935. Then, accompanied by her husband and children, she went to Switzer-



land on a holiday. Leopold, like his father, was fond of mountain climbing and made several ascents with Astrid. As the holiday drew to a close they set out one morning in a powerful roadster, intending to make one last ascent. Leopold was at the wheel, Astrid beside him. One moment's inattention (the King had turned to glance at a map), a slippery surface after rain, and death came to Astrid.

She was brought to the royal palace in Brussels, where for four days a stream of sorrow-stricken people filed through the room where she lay surrounded by flowers and looking supremely beautiful. They came from all parts of the country and for

long hours patiently awaited their turn that they might pay their last respect to the Queen they loved so sincerely.

On September 3, 1935, after Requiem Mass at St. Gudule, Astrid was laid to rest at Laeken, near Brussels. The King, despite injuries received in the accident, walked the two miles from the Cathedral to the Royal Crypt. The people attended in thousands, deeply moved with sorrow for their Queen and sympathy for their King.

It has been truly said that in the death of Queen Astrid "Belgium lost a beloved Queen and the world a great-hearted, gracious woman."



It was recently revealed that, of all persons admitted to insane asylums, an appreciably greater percentage are divorced.

That divorce should induce insanity is not so hard to understand. It represents, in a sense, a greater dislocation than death itself. One is at least reconciled to death and sees in it a necessary severance of the marriage bond. On the contrary, divorce gives rise to brooding, worry and anguish, any single one of which is sufficient to drive one crazy.

*The Catholic Apostolate* (July, '38).

A 1938 statement was made in 1886 by Louis Pasteur at the opening of Paris' Pasteur Institute: "Two contrary laws stand today opposed: one a law of blood and death, which, inventing daily new means of combat, obliges the nations to be ever prepared for battle; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. One looks only for violent conquest; the other for the relief of suffering humanity. The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories. The law, of which we are the instruments, essays even in the midst of carnage to heal the wounds caused by the law of war."

Quoted by *The* (Stillwater, Minn.) *Prison Mirror* (7 July, '38).

# Kulturkampf

By OLIVER WOODS

Persecution then and now

Condensed from *The Dublin Review*\*

In studying the history of the Kulturkampf in Germany under Hitler and Bismarck, and in particular the relations between the Catholic Church and the government of the day, there are certain main problems which constantly suggest themselves. They are three in number, one historical, one philosophical, one political and actual. It is often stated that the apparent success of the Church in its struggle against Bismarck is a promise of its ultimate success in the conflict with National Socialism. In comparing these two periods, we must therefore try to decide whether the parallel is a true one or only superficially similar; in other words, whether present difficulties are merely a phase in the perennial conflict between the spiritual and temporal power in Germany or whether there exist special conditions today which make any facile deduction drawn from the past invalid. Secondly, we must examine whether the present differences between Church and State are merely transient, or whether they are fundamental and due to an irreconcilable and deep-drawn chasm between Christian and National Socialist philosophy. Last-

ly, and depending on the solution of these points, we have to consider what is likely to be the course of the struggle in the future: whether a *modus vivendi* can be reached, and whether it is politic for the Church to adopt a conciliatory or a firmly resistant attitude.

The origins of the difference of opinion between the National Socialists and the Catholic Church are apparent in the early history of the party. At a meeting in Munich in 1920, Hitler first formulated the 25 points of his program, and it was point 24 which particularly drew the attention of the Catholics. "We demand freedom for all religious creeds in the State," it ran, "insofar as they do not endanger its existence or offend against the moral or ethical sense of the Germanic race. The Party as such represents the standpoint of positive Christianity without binding itself to any one particular confession. It opposes the Jewish materialistic spirit within and without, and is convinced that a lasting recovery of the nation can only be achieved from within on the principle: the good of the State before the good of the Individual." Then Rosenberg, the

\*43-45 Newgate St., London, E.C.1, England. July, 1938.

philosopher of the party, preached a religio-racial creed that had nothing in common with Christianity. Hitler summed it up: "We do not want any other God than Germany itself. It is essential to have fanatical faith and hope and love in and for Germany."

In 1931, when, after a culminating series of blows from outside, German politics were approaching a climax, the Catholic Bishops declared open war on the National-Socialists, and, while some contented themselves with protests on doctrinal matters, others expressly declared that no Catholic could be a member of the party. But a phase of better relations set in, and on the Nazis assuming power, the Concordat of 1933 was concluded in the summer, the Bishops having withdrawn their ban in March of the same year by the Fulda declaration.

The death of Hindenburg in August, 1934, removed a powerful check on the extremists. The Catholic youth organizations were deprived of the means of corporate existence and the denominational schools, whose existence was guaranteed in the Concordat, were openly attacked. Members of the hierarchy and convent superiors were proceeded against under the exchange laws, and prison sentences and fines of the utmost severity imposed.

If there was any doubt of the fundamental patriotism of the Catholic Church in Germany, it should have been removed by its attitude during the Saar Plebiscite and the Austrian Anschluss. In fact, in face of great provocation, the Church refrained from hitting back and contented herself with fighting for the maintenance of specific right, particularly in regard to the youth organizations and the denominational schools. When, however, after the Saar Plebiscite things did not improve, but rather tended to get worse, Rome entered into the battle, and in August, 1935, the *Osservatore Romano* spoke out: "The Kulturkampf in Germany is no longer, unfortunately, a danger for the future. Thanks to Rosenberg and his allies, it is a tragic reality of the present." The Pope intervened for the first time in March, 1937, when the encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge* was read from the pulpits. Nevertheless the Nazis, while continuing pressure, declined open battle, and this year the problem was complicated by the accession of the Catholic population of Austria, thus shifting the center of religious gravity in the Reich. In these circumstances, there can be little doubt that Cardinal Innitzer, a Sudeten German, be it noted, took the only action open to him, and the conflict has been, for the moment, shifted to

Rome. The Cardinal has been much criticized abroad for his attitude, but nothing could have prevented the Anschluss, and for the Church to have ranged itself against German unity would have placed it *hors la loi* so far as the Nazis were concerned. In this quarrel it is essential that the Church shall not put herself in the wrong even if it means foregoing a certain tactical advantage. She may be a resistant and persecuted Church, but never an aggressor. As the encyclical of 1937 said in regard to the Concordat: "We do not refuse the hand of peace of Mother Church to anyone who does not himself reject it." Here, for the moment, we may leave the melancholy tale of the modern Kulturkampf and turn to its counterpart of the last century.

The facts of the struggle between Bismarck and the Catholic Church, to which the name of the Kulturkampf was originally given, are common knowledge, but it will be well to recapitulate its history, as widely different opinions of its significance have been told. The cause of the struggle from 1871-8 was a conflict of two absolutisms which appeared on the scene immediately after the Franco-Prussian War. On the one hand was the new German Empire, with its striving after unity in the Germanic world; while on

the other hand the declaration of Papal infallibility and the Vatican Decrees had compensated for the loss of the temporal power by introducing a stricter conception of centralized power within the Church itself. They claimed for the Papacy a complete spiritual supremacy and obedience within the communion, and to begin with provoked considerable resistance from Catholics, especially in Germany.

In 1870 this conception of the Papacy appeared revolutionary. It coincided in Germany with a growing demand for the complete civil supremacy of the State and Bismarck's drive for uniformity of law, currency, communication and defense within the German Empire. The immediate cause of the breach was the publication by the Archbishop of Munich of the Vatican Decrees without the approval of the Bavarian Government, and it was countered by the Pulpit Paragraph forbidding priests to deal with political subjects. From then on battle was joined. There followed the formation of the Center Party, led by Windhorst. It had the backing of a third of the population and drew its supporters from every class and district in the Empire. Falk was appointed Minister of Education and proceeded to pass, between 1873-6, the series of enactments known as the May Laws, the main

object of which was to bring education under the control of the State, and to curtail drastically the Church's freedom in such purely internal matters as the appointment of its parish priests. Civil marriage was rendered compulsory, the use of excommunication forbidden, and the exercise of spiritual office prohibited to persons not educated in a university. These enactments were enforced by savage executive action and stubbornly resisted. Archbishops and bishops were fined, imprisoned and dismissed, and it was reckoned that over 1,000 parishes were left without any authorized priest. The Catholics were in open revolt, the country was split in two, and a general state of chaos prevailed. In 1874 a half-wit called Kullman attempted the assassination of Bismarck, and his association with the Catholic Church and the Center Party aroused all that was most ferocious in the object of his attempt. Diplomatic relations with the Vatican were broken off.

This campaign was carried on chiefly with the support of the National Liberals. It was disapproved of by the Court, by the Conservatives, and by the Protestants. The latter suffered equally with the Catholics, having done nothing to provoke such suffering; they took exception in particular to the introduction of compulsory civil mar-

riage. By 1878 the financial situation became critical and the Social Democrats were a new and rising power. After some hesitation Bismarck decided to jettison the Liberals, who were opposed to his Protectionist policy, and carry on with the Conservatives and a reconciled Center Party. The road to Canossa, which he had sworn he would not take, was made easier by the accession of Leo XIII, who was anxious for a reconciliation. Falk was made the scapegoat, the struggle was called off, and the Kulturkampf sacrificed by Bismarck to other policies. Both sides were heartily sick of the quarrel. The Church was anxious for a complete reversal of legislation, but this it never obtained. During the succeeding years, however, a series of mitigating enactments was passed, the May Laws were allowed to fall into disuse, and relations were in general excellent. Bismarck declared in 1881 that the Catholic Church in Germany with its Papal Head was a native institution of the German Empire and its States.

That there are striking similarities in these two periods of strife will not have escaped the reader. In the educational sphere, in the mass imprisonments and fines, in the charges of abuse of the pulpit, in the association of Church and Center, in the chaos and disunity which have

been the result of the drive for unity, the path of Hitler seems to have followed that of Bismarck. Will the result be the same?

In the first place it must be noted that Bismarck, in spite of his supremacy, lived in a State where there were other powers and parties. It was to his unerring manipulation of these other elements that he owed his position; and it was to the necessity of maintaining a favorable balance that his abandonment of the struggle was actually due. In a totalitarian State no such necessity need ever arise; the Church is in solitary opposition, and even so has been deprived of the legitimate means, such as press and political organization, of maintaining that opposition. But there is another and a more fundamental difference. To define National Socialism satisfactorily would be difficult; but if there is one principle which is both peculiar and essential to it, it is racialism. That is both its causal and its logical reason. There is no revolution without an idea. The driving force of the ideal of race has converted an insignificant sect from the beer-halls of Munich into the greatest power in Europe. Versailles, inflation, the depression might have brought others to the top; their racial beliefs singled out the Nazis for victory. There is no space here to go into a description

of this theory: for our purpose it is only necessary to realize first its paramount importance in the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, and secondly, that it is fundamentally un-Christian and that no Catholic can possibly accept it. This is a gap which no Concordat can ever bridge and to compare it with a 19th century dispute over the relative spheres of civil and ecclesiastical administration is an error.

We have now answered two of the questions which this article set out to elucidate. There remains the third, and practical one, of what attitude the Church should adopt. Unfortunately, as the answer to this question lies in speculation on the future instead of examination of the past, it will not admit of so conclusive a reply. First, as to Hitler's own attitude. So far he has delegated Church matters to subordinates, and has refrained from clarifying his position. It is probable that he stands somewhere between a Messiah and Henry VIII. There is a German God and Hitler is his prophet. Though anticlerical, he is, without doubt, a strongly religious man. The German-Christian Reich-Bishop Müller influenced his thoughts at one time, but in spite of his racialism, Hitler has resolutely opposed the definitely pagan tendencies of modern Germany, and he undoubtedly has a respect for the



Catholic Church, into which he was born. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that to a certain extent he fights the same enemies—materialism, 19th century liberalism, and Communism.

While the Fuhrer remains aloof, the organs of the party and the State are at work. The denizens of the Brown House know all about Bismarck's Kulturkampf. Only a few fanatics seriously consider that the Catholic Church can be suppressed by police methods, immeasurably superior as is their instrument to Bismarck's. Besides, they tried it out on the weaker vessel, the Evangelicals, and it failed. What police persecution there is, is largely a sop to Cerberus—something to keep the extremists busy. The Nazis do, however, reckon that, while in Bismarck's case time was on the side of the Church, now it is on the side of the Nazis through their capture of the youth. It is the schoolmaster rather than the policeman whom, they reckon, will ultimately seal the Church's doom.

That they expect to wipe out completely the body of the Church within Germany is unlikely. They probably hope at the best for some modified form of *Gleichschaltung*—conformity with the National-Socialist State—and, failing that, for a more favorable Concordat. But these people think in millenia: they

reckon that by systematically removing children from the influence of parent and priest and bringing them up in a series of communal organizations there will, in time, simply cease to be any Catholics.

On this premise, the Church is condemned to languish, with alternating periods of toleration and persecution, until it dies of inanition by the lack of recruits to its ranks from the succeeding generations of youth. It is a process which could be interrupted by a world war; for then National Socialism and Communism would both go into the melting pot, and it is idle to speculate which, if either, would emerge the stronger. There is also the remote possibility of civil disturbance consequent on the death of Hitler. With what can Catholicism oppose this conception of progressive inanition? Only by reflecting that if the Nazis take a long view the Church takes a longer. National Socialism is an idea that will take its course. It is transitory and, like others before it, will produce a reaction within itself, if not in our lifetime, then in that of a succeeding generation. The Catholic Church, which is based on eternal truth, knows that eclipse is not extinction; and when a new idea has burnt itself out, it will be there, as in the past, to gather up the fragments.

# The Jewish Problem

By W. H. REYNOR

Condensed from *The Catholic Times*\*

**In some** countries the problem of the Jew has turned into persecution of the Jew. Intelligent men long ago saw persecution coming, and hoped to avoid it by tackling the problem, but a millionaire-controlled press kept up the silly pretense there was no such problem, and so prevented all reasoned discussion until too late. The result has been the shocking outbreaks of violence against Jewry. Underlying this behavior is the stupid assumption that to mention the problem in a public way—let alone to discuss it—would be offering insult to our Jewish fellow citizens. But there is a much more potent reason for the conspiracy of silence.

It is quite commonly believed the Jewish race is exceedingly wealthy, at the expense of the communities in which it lives. This has furnished the excuse for excesses committed against the Jews the past few years in Europe. The belief is due to the fact that a few Jews have risen to power in the world of finance and industry, and that wherever the race is accorded political equality its members excel in nearly every sphere, especially commerce, the great god of our pagan cult. The

truth is that outside the exceptional fortunes of the few and a comparatively small middle class, the Jews are a poor nation holding what they have insecurely.

No account is taken of the fact that insofar as certain Jews have succeeded in accumulating wealth and power out of all proportion to their services in the community, the fault lies, not with the Jews, but with the system. The Jew in commerce is no more unscrupulous than anyone else, but he is more capable, and to complain about him is very much like a boxer whining because his opponent hits harder and ducks faster. That is just one feature of the problem that receives no consideration. The whole subject is taboo. Free examination is prevented because it would bring us dangerously near public discussion of the ways of big business, and of that big business is in mortal fear.

Israel is caught in a cleft stick, and her situation is due to (1) the fact of a Jewish monopoly for which only a few members of the race are responsible, but out of which the enemies of Israel have made much political capital, and (2) the Jewish connection with Communism,

\*19, Harrison St., Johannesburg, South Africa. March, 1938.

which is in large measure attributable to the long-suffered poverty of the race. When the time comes for the anti-Semitic pogrom in Britain (if it ever does, which God forbid!) the poorer Jew, the small trader and professional man, will probably bear the brunt of the attack, and, as happened on the continent, the rich will be secure.

Privilege is a thing that should properly go with responsibility, not with wealth. It is a quality liable to grave abuse when reposed in an irresponsible and anonymous plutocracy. The division of industrial society into privileged and disfranchised is intolerable to the free spirit of man. The mass-servitude, mark of the present regime, has engendered a mass-hatred that threat-

ens not only to destroy that regime, but to wither up the great culture it has inherited.

The attack on the Jew is but incidental to the whole misguided rebellion against irresponsible privilege; it is indeed a proof of the misguided nature of that rebellion. The poor Socialist who leads the rebellion proposes in the end to change the name of the masters, when the thing needful is to change the status of the slaves. Nothing but a deliberate and enlightened effort to establish a social order that has for its basis recognition of the true nature of man can save the situation. The name given to that social order is Private Property. At the rate things are moving it may soon be too late to establish it.



## And Jews

Condensed from *The Weekly Review*\*

**To judge** from history, the Jewish problem is insoluble. Through all the centuries since the Christian era the Jewish race has continued unique, scattered, periodically persecuted, and exercising an influence subtly subversive of Gentiles the world over.

Ever since the days of Abram the history of the Jews has been a history of dispersions. Even up to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, while Palestine still remained a focal point for returning exiles, they had been spread over large areas of the known world and

\*9 Essex St., London, W.C.2, England. July 14, 1938.

had remained rooted there in spite of subsequent waves of repatriation.

It has thus been the fate of the Jew to be parasitical, and, owing to the peculiar qualities of his race, he has been able both to preserve his identity and to have a deep effect upon the nations into which he has penetrated. He is also an adept at enriching himself in the process. Owing to these characteristics, he has always been treated as a dangerous foreigner; and periodically, when his wealth and influence have risen beyond a certain point, he has been persecuted: physical violence, exile, and confiscation of goods have, over and over again, followed upon prosperity. Underlying these attacks has been the half-conscious belief that there are only two logical results of the Jewish problem: extermination or world supremacy; and it has been to prevent the second that nations have resorted to the first.

Nor is the possibility of a Jewish world supremacy an altogether wild notion. Being nationless and contemptuous of the nations, and at the same time ambitious and confident of their own superiority, the Jews have habitually devoted themselves to world-wide activities. The very dispersion of their race, which yet remains strongly united by the ties of a common blood and a common contempt for Gentiles, has

helped in this success. From every continent impulse has been given by Jews to the spreading throughout the world of whatever they find themselves controlling. Stateless themselves, they support every movement in the direction of a world State.

It is therefore not surprising in an era like the present, in which the sense of nationality has become so acute, that Jewish world ambitions should be attacked. They are felt to be a menace to the particular aims of individual States, and a solution by local extermination is being attempted.

At Evian last week representatives of 32 countries met to consider what could be done for Jewish refugees from Germany and Austria. The proposals there made were, as was to be expected, of a strictly limited character: first aid work in trying to find homes anywhere in the world for at least some of those rendered destitute by Nazi restrictions. The response was not enthusiastic; New Zealand and some of the Latin-American States offered certain facilities, and it was suggested that negotiations should be set on foot with Germany to persuade that government to allow refugees to take capital with them when leaving the country. The root of the problem was not touched, nor is it likely to be in further discussions,

for the apprehensions which have caused the Reich to adopt brutal measures are not absent from the minds of other governments.

Is there then no permanent solution to the problem? Are pogroms and reluctant adjustments of immigration facilities to succeed each other to the end of time? Recent events have brought to the fore again the demand for a Jewish land—a home to which all might come. The Zionist scheme for Palestine has been advocated anew. It is no solution. As regards Palestine, England has already broken her promise to the Arabs and she is tasting the fruits of her action. To attempt to set up a Jewish commonwealth by force at the end of the Mediterranean would be disastrous for the Jews themselves, for England, and for the peace of the world. Is there any other country where similar difficulties would not

occur? It is exceedingly unlikely; nor would the provision of such a country necessarily mean that the influential cosmopolitan Jew—whom the nations fear—would go there. The problem would still remain unsolved.

But if there is no complete solution, there are at all events ways of modifying the vicious circle of pogrom, resettlement, interference, pogrom. Mr. Belloc has several times stated the fundamental necessity: "It is the definition of the Jewish *status*. The recognition of the Jew as a man of a special kind with rights and privileges of his own." If that were done (and it is for the Jew to show the way by declaring himself openly a Jew) the bestial cruelty periodically inflicted upon perfectly innocent people would cease to disgrace the world, and the peril arising from the actions of an alien culture would be minimized.



As for anyone who does not know that the present revolutionary Bolshevik movement is Jewish in Russia, I can only say that he must be a man who is taken in by the suppressions of our deplorable press.

Hilaire Belloc in *G. K.'s Weekly* (4 Feb., '37).

We call ourselves Christians! We wonder why Communism grows by leaps and bounds, and why there are so many Jews in it! The answer stares us in the face, only we refuse to see it. It is largely because we have driven them to it. We have failed to follow Christ's teachings. We have not loved our neighbor, even if he was our enemy; we have not been our brother's keeper . . . above all, we have not shown them the face of Christ either in our hearts or in our actions, and thereby led them to Him.

Catherine De Hueck in *Wisdom* (April, '38).

# Mass for the Masses

By ERIC GILL

Ecclesiastical separation

Condensed from *Orate Fratres\**

**Pope Pius XI** has said that the greatest scandal of our time is that the Church has lost the masses, and it is obviously true that the masses of the population in the industrialized countries of Europe and America are not practicing Christians. The masses, the common people, the "working class," should naturally be the bulk of our congregation as they are of the human race.

That Christianity should be the religion of a few is a scandal, but that it should be to a large extent the religion of the respectable and well-to-do makes the matter worse. For one reason or another the Church does not seem to the workers to offer an acceptable solution to their problems, whether in the sphere of morals, philosophy or politics. In fact Christianity has become the peculiar habit of a diminishing number of people, and the more this is so, the more peculiar the habit becomes; ceremonies and practices which were understood and acceptable to large numbers of people throughout many centuries, become more or less archeological remnants, even to the worshippers themselves. We use a language not understood

and the visitor to our churches sees us doing all sorts of strange things dressed up in strange garments. And when it comes to politics he seems to find contradiction. On the one hand is the religion of Christianity as he understands it from the gospels, the religion of God made man, the common man, and on the other the curiously ornate churches, elaborately robed priests and unintelligibly elaborate ceremonies, all of which seems to display an alliance between the Church and the very mammon condemned in the gospels.

What is a church? There are of course many possible answers to this question, but mainly there are three: the church is a preaching place, a praying place, a Mass house.

It seems generally agreed that from a Catholic point of view the last named definition is the primary one. The altar, therefore, is quite obviously the chief thing, the necessary ornament of the church, and there is no such thing as ornament except in this sense.

The altar is a place of sacrifice, on which something is offered and made holy. This is the Christian idea of a church; where there is an altar there is a church. But a cov-

\*Collegeville, Minn. July 24, 1938.



ering is appropriate; climate, rain and wind make it necessary. And not only the altar but the ministers, assistants, congregation, need covering. Hence the whole business of building.

There is nothing in the nature of an altar that implies it should be anywhere but in the middle. It began as a table around which people sat and partook of the consecrated bread and wine. It remains that thing. But further it is a representation of Calvary, the place upon which Christ, *the Bread and Wine*, offered Himself. Hence the congruity of the crucifix on or above this table, heraldically to designate the altar as a Christian one. And as Calvary itself was surrounded by the people who witnessed the crucifixion, so we must suppose the altar should be surrounded by the people when at the elevation the priest symbolically repeats the act of Christ. "If I be lifted up I shall draw all men to Me." And not only does Christ offer Himself in the Holy Sacrifice, but the people also offer themselves. It is a corporate offering.

As with the religion of the Old Testament, so with the religion of Christ. Always there is a tendency to pharisaism, always men are prone to professionalism; always there is a tendency to mere formalism. This is inevitable in human affairs. Hard-

ening of the arteries is the consequence of physical living and such hardening attacks the Church no less than men's bodies. There is always therefore the need for watchfulness. From time to time there is need for rejuvenation; such a time is now.

The development of our civilization has brought us to a position very similar to that of ancient Rome. We are surrounded by pagan grandeur and superstition—wars and rumors of wars. We can no longer think of ourselves as the accepted representatives of God. We are again a small minority, with a mission like that of the first Christians.

And these facts make it necessary to reconsider the nature of the liturgy, that is to say, public prayer and worship. The liturgy must be revived, i. e., made alive again. But "to revive the liturgy it is first necessary to disinter it." It is buried at present beneath a load of medieval and post-medieval custom. The divorce between the clergy and the people, between the people and the altar, has become as wide as the distinction between the artist and the factory hand, the responsible human worker on the one hand and the irresponsible tool on the other.

Let us again return to the beginning. The altar is the center of the church; it is indeed the church it-

self. At present it is the custom to place the altar at the end of the church, very often in a specially built apse or chancel and generally separated from the people by the seats of the ministers, and in Anglican churches, even by those of a choir also. There is thus a monstrous division between the place of the altar and the rest of the church. The sanctuary is ruled off as being not merely a holy place but a mysterious place—a place in which only professional feet may tread, a place in which the laity can only enter, more or less timidly, when they go up to receive Communion. Doubtless it will be said this is as it should be. But even if these things are true, they are not the only possible truths. It is possible that circumstances may make another emphasis more desirable and more imperative. And just as at the beginning of our era God Himself saw fit to come and dwell among men as one of themselves, as a member of the working class, as a “worker” in fact, and by His action supplanted, so to say, the whole caboodle of pharisaical ceremonies and mystagogism, so in our time we must again bring God among men.

Without making any sort of accusation against the clergy of today, it is clear that religion has lost its hold on the people, it has become to the workers a kind of magic, a

thing apart having little or nothing to do with them. Christ the workman is forgotten; He is lost or at least hidden and that not simply sacramentally but by the overgrowth of ritual and furniture, and in our churches these facts are symbolized by this architectural disposition of our sanctuaries.

Now this article has a special reference to churches as such. One thing must be done, and immediately, for the time is short. But it is a very big thing as well as a very simple one. It is as revolutionary as Pope Pius X's reform in the matter of frequent Communion. And it is in line with that reform, part of the same thing. *The altar must be brought back again into the middle of our churches*, surrounded by the people—and the word “surrounded” must be taken literally. It is essential the people should be on all sides, in front and behind. In relation to this reform nothing else matters.

The choir and organ, vestments and stained glass windows, carving, paintings and statues, all are so much frippery, compared with the altar and the service of the altar. And it is inevitable such things should be, in literal fact, little better than frippery today. They are not the product of the people's hands, they are for the most part mere merchandise, stuff produced

like everything else not for any use, holy or unholy, but for profit. Away with them—or if that be too difficult for our feebleness, at least let us disregard them; for merely to remove frippery, to wallow in an orgy of good taste is not itself of any value at all.

Even in existing buildings the same thing might and must be done. Bring the altar down to the middle. Fill up the "sanctuary" with seats. Wherever the altar is, there is the sanctuary.

It will of course be said this suggestion will violate all the architectural arrangements, as well as affront our ancient customs. But architecture and our more or less quaint customs are of no importance compared with the vital necessity of our time. Some will say the altar will not look nice where we suggest putting it. That is not the question; the only question is where it would be right. Look after goodness and truth, and beauty will look after itself. What indeed is

beauty but the radiance of what is right?

Another extremely important thing effected by this placing of the altar is the emphasis on the act of receiving Communion. This act will remain all it is at present but will become more. It will become corporate, a public act. It will become the act of the people clamoring for Bread—demanding recognition as the mystical body of Christ.

One thing only matters. Christ gave Himself: that is the fact of Christianity; the keynote—sacrifice, not worldly riches, worldly prestige, success or complacency. He came not to make the poor rich and the rich richer, but to make the rich poor for His sake and the poor holy.

All these things are figured by the altar—the altar not *at* which something is done, something seen at the end of a vista; but on which something is offered, in the midst of our acclamation: "Blessed is He that cometh . . ."



It was in New York that a priest said to me, describing the churches with six, eight, ten crowded public Masses on Sundays and holydays, the Communion-rails thronged, "It frightens me, all that individual devotion, all those very private intentions, without any *conscious* unity or relating oneself to the others and to all the Church. The idea of the Lord's Supper is gone—it has become private prayers *coram Sanctissimo*."

Donald Attwater, in *The Dublin Review* (April, '38).

# Utopia in Reverse

By LAWRENCE JOSEPH BYRNE

Stick stuck into ant hill

Condensed from *Social Justice*\*

Ever since the Bolsheviks seized control of Russia 20 years ago there has been a veritable deluge of books written about that country. Visitors to the Soviet Union, whether they were there for a week or a month, who had never thought of writing before suddenly became imbued with the desire to tell the world about their reactions to the "Communist experiment." These one-book authors, usually tourists or technical advisers, had seen just what the Russian government wished them to see, and no more. Consequently, their books, along with those written by supposedly impartial professional writers like Maurice Hindus and Louis Fischer, have helped to build up in the public mind a distorted picture of conditions in the U. S. S. R.

During the last few years, however, one notes a considerable change in these books about the land of the Soviets. Of course, we still have the writings of the out-and-out Communists and the thinly veiled propaganda from the pens of the Hindus and the Fischers, but the scales are becoming a little more evenly balanced since Chamberlin, Citrine, Delafield, Gide, etc.,

have shown that the Red paradise is not quite as paradisaical as some had thought.

Among the latest of these books is the best seller, *Assignment in Utopia* by Eugene Lyons, a writer well qualified to discuss the Soviet Union. For six years he was the Moscow correspondent to the United Press. What he writes has especial significance, because at the time he took up his post in Moscow he was sympathetic to the Communist movement and admits that he intended to use his position to further the cause of Communism.

"If anyone ever went to Russia with an earnest determination to dig down to the hard, enduring core of a great event in human history it was I," Mr. Lyons writes. "And in accepting a job from the capitalistic United Press I was not deserting Communism. . . . The farewell party given by my friends included the cream of New York's Communists. They were sending off one of their own to spread the gospel. Thus, on December 31, 1927, I sailed with my wife and our small daughter for the land of our dreams."

Lyons certainly does not fit into

\*Box 150, Royal Oak, Mich. July 25, 1938.

the Communist argument that only the prejudiced observer can see the New Russia without admiration.

For two years Lyons dressed up this leftist news. To the outside world Russia was made to appear as "a beehive of enthusiastic activity, where men labored and sacrificed in a spirit of fanatical self-abnegation." All during this time "questions pounded ever more insistently on my conscience." When 53 technicians were being tried for counter-revolutionary sabotage in the coal industry he became convinced that the Kremlin had staged the trial in order to cover up its own blunders and give the people an outlet for their hatred. But "what were the lives of a few dozen men against the interests of the revolution. The larger justice of historical necessity was being served." With this shallow reasoning the correspondent tried to justify every act of the tyrannical government. It is the same sort of mental gymnastics employed by Communists the world over as they follow in Stalin's tracks, step by step.

It was not until Lyons saw the result of the ukase issued by Stalin in December, 1929, calling for the complete collectivization of farms and the liquidation of the kulaks (wealthy landowners) that his faith in Communism was finally shattered. With such ruthlessness

was the order executed that Stalin himself, the man of steel, had to call a temporary halt to avoid a mass revolt. "No dependable computation of the number liquidated has ever been made, and in any case there is no arithmetic to estimate human suffering. The total was beyond reckoning. Forcible migration of millions could not be organized or provisioned, but must proceed in fearful confusion. Tens of thousands died of exposure, starvation, and epidemic diseases while being transported, and no one dared guess at the death rate in the Wilderness, where the liquidated population was dispersed."

Lyons could no longer defend, in the name of historical necessity, the tyranny which was crushing a whole people. He came to visualize the Russian population as a "huge ant hill, with Stalin poking a stick into the center. Every casual prodding destroyed the contours of life for a few more millions of insects." All the Communist songs and slogans, the promises of a richer and fuller life for the masses, the parades and fiery oratory now "were touched with mockery." Like so many others, Lyons had gone to Russia with an optimism that knew no bounds only to suffer bitter disillusionment after witnessing the cruelties perpetrated on 170,000,000 guinea pigs.

A few years ago William Henry Chamberlin, in his book, *Russia's Iron Age*, proved beyond a shadow of doubt that millions had starved to death in the Ukraine and Lower Volga regions during the winter of 1932-33 due to the callousness with which the Five Year Plans were pushed. But the Communists and their red-tinted supporters denied that there had been a famine and accused Chamberlin of exaggerating a minor crop shortage. Now we have the corroborative testimony of Mr. Lyons who writes:

"Almost every peasant home in the worst districts paid a toll in life; in hundreds of villages half the population died or fled to seek food. To insure the next harvest Red troops guarded the seed and prevented hungry peasants from devouring the green shoots of the coming crop. As the Soviet government stopped the publication of vital statistics for the period in question, how many millions died will never be known, but estimates made by foreigners and Russians range from three to seven millions."

The methods employed by the Kremlin to raise money to carry on trade with other nations was particularly revolting.

"No other episode in the entire history of the revolution has been so successfully hidden from the world," he writes. The dreaded GPU used

every means at its command to force individuals, no matter what their station in life, to contribute to the "mobilization of hidden valuta (gold, jewels, foreign money, etc.)." Under the guise of patriotism, rewards were offered to those who would disclose the names of relatives and friends who possessed the desperately sought valuta. Lyons saw the pitiful spectacle of little children informing on their parents, relatives on relatives, and friends on friends, many of them through fear and after physical torture.

The government then announced that anyone having a specified sum of money would be permitted to leave the country. Many who eagerly jumped at this opportunity to emigrate soon found that they had been tricked, for they were promptly arrested and the money was confiscated. Others, who had written to relatives abroad for funds to enable them to get out of the Soviet Paradise, never received the money which was sent. Red Russia, the workers' fatherland, was bleeding its subjects white!

Lyons left the U. S. R. R. with a heart that reached out to the masses. Six years of observation had taught him that "they were under the heel of arbitrary power again, terrified by teeming threats: loss of bread rations, loss of their squalid living



space, loss of life. . . . At the top of this misery new privileged classes had emerged, a parvenu aristocracy based on the power of life and death over their fellows."

Thus Eugene Lyons becomes one more of those who went to Russia to applaud Communism and returned to condemn it before the world.



### *With Malice Towards None*

Shortly after his coronation, Pius IX was riding toward the Ghetto in Rome, when his carriage was held up by the presence of a crowd of people in the street, surrounding a man who had fallen to the ground in a fit.

"What is it?" asked the Pope.

"Only a Jew," answered a Christian standing by.

"Is not a Jew a man and a brother?" said the Pope. "Make way for us!" And he stepped from his carriage.

The crowd opened for the Pope to approach. The man lay gasping on the ground where no one would touch him. Pius IX took him in his arms, bore him to his carriage, and ordered his coachman to drive to the Jew's home. When the man had recovered, the Pope left him with a present of money and his blessing.

Not long after this, a deputation of Jews, old and bearded men, called at the Vatican. They requested to be admitted into the presence of Pope Pius IX, and bowing before him, they offered him an exquisite antique golden chalice, priceless in worth, begging him to accept it as a token of their gratitude to him for his kindness to one of their race.

The Pope was greatly touched by their deed, and said to them:

"I accept your magnificent gift, my children, with pleasure and gratitude. Will you tell me how much it is worth?"

"It weighs 550 Roman scudi," answered the chief of the deputation.

The Pope stepped to the table and wrote on a piece of paper: "Good for 1,000 scudi. Pius IX." He handed the slip to the leader, saying: "Accept in your turn a small pledge of my love for my poor Hebrew children. Divide it among the poor families of the Ghetto, in the name of Pio Nono." The men tried to decline the gift, offering to raise four times as much themselves for the poor, but the Pope would not accept a refusal. The money had to be spent in his name for the poor.

*The Catholic Telegraph* as quoted by *The Acolyte* and quoted by *The Liguorian* (Aug., '38).

# Mexican Martyr

By MARTIN DEMPSEY

Viva Christo Rey!

Condensed from *The Cross*\*

**The City of Mexico,** November 2, 1927. General Cruz has just arrived at Police Headquarters. It is nine o'clock in the morning, but a large crowd is gathered outside the prison gates. An armed guard has been placed around the prison, and machine guns, placed at vantage points, cover the people. Another car drives up with more officials. More and more people on their way to work notice the crowds and make inquiries. An execution! Of whom? They are told that Father Pro, the Jesuit, and his three companions, are going to be shot.

On the other side of the walls Miguel Pro sits waiting in his cell. A few hours ago the guard had told him that he is to die that same morning. He is only 34 years old.

"Who is he?" asks a bystander of a couple of men who are near him. The younger man answers him. "He has been in Mexico only a few years. Before his ordination he had been studying in Europe."

"He comes from Concepcion del Oro," puts in the old man. "I knew his family in the old days before all . . ."

"And he became a Jesuit?" queries the stranger.

"Yes, he had gone to California, to Spain and from there to Nicaragua. They had ordained him in Belgium. Then he came back to Mexico. Now they are about to shoot him."

"Because, you see, he is a priest," winds up the younger man. "But God is just and He will punish . . ."

"They charge him, *senor*, for the attempted assassination of President Obregon. My young friend here is young and also indiscreet. It is not wise in the Mexico of today to express an opinion on these matters."

"But I agree with your friend," says the questioner. "You see, I have been out of Mexico for some years. I have lost touch with politics, but not with the religion of my fathers. I, too, am a Catholic. Tell me more of this Father Pro. He came back . . .?"

He came back, this newly-ordained Jesuit to the land of his birth. It was the time when the churches were being closed down and religious services being suspended. Confessions were being heard all day long, and on one First Friday Father Pro distributed 12,000 Holy Communions. Twice he had fainted from fatigue in the Con-

\*Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W.7, Ireland, Aug., 1938.

fessional. The police watched his movements, and several times he narrowly escaped arrest. Yet, dressed as always in civilian clothes, he would go into the very lion's den, into the prisons, and hear the confessions of the Catholic prisoners. And then came the bombing incident.

November 13, Ex-President Obregon was driving along in his car. Another car drew level and, on passing, bombs were thrown. Obregon was not injured, and his guard giving chase, captured a man named Ruiz. He was not quite dead when they brought him to the hospital, but the bullet had entered his temple. He was quite blind. A police officer, posing as his brother, heard him say, "Tell the Engineer, Luis Segura, to get away. Tell Father Pro Juarez and his brother Humbert to get out of the way, and say the same to Senora Montes de Oca." And so Father Pro and two of his brothers were arrested. One of these, Roberto, was reprieved at the last moment. Luis Segura Vilchis was also arrested, and a workman named Tirado, who, on hearing the shots, had run away. Senora Montes de Oca was released.

When the prisoners were questioned, they, one and all, denied that they had taken any part whatsoever in the attempted assassination. They made this assertion in the presence

of newspaper reporters. But when that interview was concluded, General Cruz stated that the accused had confessed and would pay the penalty for their crime. Father Pro was put down as the master-mind, and the others as his accomplices who had carried out the bombing. The arrests were unconstitutional; the trial was neither held in a public court nor before a judge, and the accused had none to defend them; the verdict was unjust as it was unlawful, and the execution leaves a blot on the name of justice and on the history of Mexico.

The morning of November 23, 1927. It is nine o'clock. In the garden of police headquarters are troops, mounted police and four firing squads. At one end of the garden is the firing stand. Facing the wooden practice dummies, soldiers armed with rifles are waiting.

Inside the prison, Father Pro bids farewell to his companions.

"Do you forgive me?" asks a jailor.

"I not only forgive you, but I am deeply grateful to you," is the reply.

Before he is shot he kneels down, crucifix in hand. Then he stands up—

"May God have mercy on you! Lord, you know that I am innocent; I forgive my enemies from the depths of my heart."

He stretches his arms in the form of a cross. So had the Master, whom he now follows, died.

*"Viva Christo Rey!"*

"Aim!" shouts the officer. "Fire!" Five bullets enter the body of Father Pro. A sergeant comes forward and with a revolver gives the *coup de grace*. The rosary and the crucifix lie in the dust and the lifeblood of a Catholic priest sinks into the ground of Mexico.

Eleven o'clock at night, November 23. Hundreds of people passing in and out of Father Pro's house. With pieces of cloth, with all sorts of objects they touch the

body of the dead man. They and their children and their children's children will forever reverence these relics.

The afternoon of November 24. The clergy bear a coffin to a hearse that is draped in white. Twenty thousand people walk in procession to the hill of Delores. Traffic is held up in the streets as they pass along, and the streets are lined all the way to the cemetery. The procession takes three hours to pass. Thousands shout the last prayer of Miguel Pro, the Jesuit of Mexico, *"Long Live Christ the King!"*



### *The Church and the Bible*

The Reformation was essentially a movement of abandonment and dereliction which deprived the English people, little by little, but decisively, of the old corporate worship that centered in and round the Mass. Where so much was lost, the Scriptures at least remained, and as the notion of the teaching authority of the Church weakened, a crude and simple theory of Biblical inspiration took its place. The wheel has come full circle, and, from being believed in too uncritically through several generations of Protestantism, the Bible today is not believed in enough. The Catholic Church, after being reproached for generations for not giving a high enough place to the Scriptures, is today reproached for flying in the face of modern scholarship and insisting upon claiming for them too high a place. The higher critic has succeeded to the Bible Protestant, and he has gained his swift victories in the Protestant world because he has found himself faced with a text, and untenable theories of inspiration, and not with a claim to authoritative interpretation. There is a tendency to rediscover the Bible as a social document, a knowledge of it as necessary to a liberal education; and the Catholic Church is almost alone in maintaining its intrinsic and indestructible authority.

*The Tablet* (18 June, '38).

# Good From Communism?

If a man will not work . . .

By VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

Condensed from *Blackfriars*\*

A man, a program, a policy is not good merely because good comes of it; especially if the good that comes of it has come by the operation of a good will. Just as there is nothing so good that a bad will cannot turn it to bad, so there is nothing so bad that a good will cannot turn to good.

If then, I venture to say that good can come of Communism I would very humbly ask responsible Editors not to caption me as "The Communist Priest, Fr. Vincent McNabb."

My readers will agree with me in what I often tell my Communist friends, that the best and most revolutionary enactment in the Russian Bolshevik Constitution is, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." As this Constitution is very effectively based on the principle that religion is opium for the people it is a little distressing that this principle of work should not be accorded to its author, Paul of Tarsus. If the framers of the Constitution did not know that the best thing in their Constitution came from St. Paul, they will no doubt be glad to be told of it. But if they did know it to be St. Paul's, and did not tell

their followers that it was St. Paul's, no doubt their followers will be glad to be told of it. Of course St. Paul is not really responsible for the principle, but only for that particular way of putting the principle. It was already in the opening beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Man's first and most necessary poverty is the poverty of work; his second is the poverty of thrift.

Our Blessed Lord seems to give us the philosophy of work in an immortal parable usually entitled *The Unjust Steward*. As this story follows on the story of the Prodigal Son and his truculent elder brother, I can never resist the inclination to think that the self-righteous elder son became the Unjust Steward.

It is especially in the adroit thief's examination of conscience—if we may so say—that our Blessed Lord has epitomized the philosophy of work, "To dig I am not able. To beg I am ashamed." So he planned to steal.

Our Blessed Lord here teaches us that a man who will not work, if able to work, nor beg when unable to work, is stealing. For the able-

\*49 Broad St., Oxford, England. Aug., 1938.

bodied, work is the only title to the means of living.

From the false principle that religion is of no social value, Bolsheviks go on to conclude that ministers of religion do not "work." Very consistently they conclude that ministers of religion being "non-workers" should not get the means of livelihood. Bolsheviks are to blame for their wrong principle, they are not to be blamed for consistency in applying their wrong principle. Consistency, if not a moral virtue, is at least an intellectual quality which offers some hope for the truth.

The growth of a large number of those who live without working is, in its bulk, a modern phenomenon. The "poor man" of today was almost unknown seven centuries ago. The rich man of today who lives on investments and does no work of social value was then practically unknown; or was known (and detested) as the Jewish usurer. The landed aristocracy were not rich in currency or in credit. But the social services they rendered were almost as multiple in the executive and judicial sphere as those of a modern Colonial Administrator. As a class they had little or nothing in common with the modern rich man who lives without working and entirely by investments. I am of the ever-strengthening opinion that until the

modern non-working rich man disappears, and the medieval landlord reappears there will be little hope of sound social betterment.

I say advisedly "landlord," because I hold that Communism can be beaten only by a group of freemen on the land. In a town-organization Communism can be beaten, and seemingly is being beaten, by an intelligentsia applying, with greater intelligence, against Communists their own totalitarianism. But this totalitarianism, which will drive out Communist slavery, will not drive out slavery. Indeed the present symptoms seem to confirm the *a priori* likelihood that the purely intellectual totalitarianism now reaping its first victories over Communism will bring in conditions still more servile and more lasting than those sponsored by Lenin and Stalin.

The good, then, that can come, *yet may not come*, from Communism is the conviction especially amongst Catholics, that "if any man will not work, neither let him eat."

A second great good which may come of Communism is a lively sense of each individual's duty towards the groups of which he is an individual, e. g., to the family, the city, the nation, the brotherhood of mankind.

We cannot give to Bolsheviks the credit of discovering this fundamental social principle. It was already



known to the Greek Philosophers and medieval Scholastics as the principle of general justice. The analysis of the subject given by St. Thomas Aquinas in his *Summa* has surprises and discoveries for students of social science.

But this science of the Greek pagan philosophers was little better than a science. In other words it was a thought if not a conviction when it ought to have been a *life*.

Communists are determined that this social science which gives us the doctrine of general justice shall be a life, even if it costs untold deaths. Individuals and whole classes of individuals who are not of service to the group must be eliminated. Alas! the Great War with its victory that cost 10 million deaths has suggested to enthusiasts of social peace the ruthlessness of war.

We have ventured to suggest that good can come out of (a bad system) Communism, if men of good will only see the crying need of the two principles we have named—

"Everyone, who can work, should work," and "Everyone should work for the Community."

But it can never be sufficiently emphasized that "heresy is a truth in isolation," and the greater the principle from which the truth is isolated, the greater the heresy. Communism as we see it in practice, if not in program or principle, by denying God has isolated the two truths from their fundamental principle. Only the principle of a just God Who died for the individual can safeguard the individual in his rights. But the two truths of man's duty of work and of service are so far-reaching that, if isolated from the principle, they can end only in social slavery or in social chaos.

Only the Catholic Church stands between the modern world and very effective slavery; because only the Catholic Church with its doctrine of free will and Redemption can look on work and service not just as a duty to the State, but as the will and example of a self-sacrificing God.



### *Beer Raid*

Everyone must admire the resourcefulness of the City Council, who, finding the cost of erecting bomb-proof shelters prohibitive, has requested a local brewery to allow the use of its vaults in an emergency. Such an arrangement should make rapid assembly of the townsfolk an easy matter. The only flaw is that when the "All Clear" signal is given, some may be reluctant to go home.

*The Catholic Fireside* (15 July, '38).

# Clean the Magazine Racks!

By GEORGE BURMAN

Sex on cheap paper

Condensed from *Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupré\**

Unless you lead the life of a hermit, you have probably noticed before this that not all modern magazines are all that they should be. Side by side on the newsstands with respectable magazines, and often overcrowding them, are others which contain nothing more nor less than mental poison. Bawdy literature is not new, but never has it been displayed and sold so openly as at the present time.

His Excellency Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has provided a code by which we may judge magazines: "Here in Fort Wayne, we follow pretty much the standards established by the Legion of Decency in relation to motion pictures. We believe that literature should be considered in relation to its reading, to its pictorial contents and to its advertising, and the magazines should be black-listed according to the following standards: (1) those which glorify crime and criminals; (2) whose contents are largely 'sexy'; (3) whose illustrations and pictures border on the indecent; (4) which make a habit of carrying articles on illicit love; (5) which carry disreputable advertising."

Can things be as bad as they seem

on the surface, granted that the above types of magazines are in free circulation? Are the magazines really as dangerous as they sound? In the opinion of many experienced people, things are not *just* as bad as they seem—they are considerably worse!

J. Edgar Hoover points out one angle of the situation: "The increasing number of sex crimes is due precisely to sex literature badly presented in certain magazines. Filthy literature is the great moron maker. It is casting criminals faster than jails can be built."

Then we have the warning sounded by a prominent Montreal gentleman, who has had long experience in the rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents. He is Owen Dawson, Managing Director of the Boys' Farm and Training School, located at Shawbridge, Quebec. In a startling speech before the Rotary Club of Montreal, on "*Some of the Causes of Juvenile Delinquency*," Mr. Dawson remarked on the increasing number of harmful magazines, and added: "About six weeks ago there was heard over the radio a broadcast that raised a storm of indignation throughout the country. Thou-

\**St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, Canada, Aug., 1938.*

sands of complaining letters were written and the matter was thrashed out in Washington. But let me tell you that broadcast was a Sunday School lesson compared to the articles and pictures that appear in some of the magazines that are on sale everywhere. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the type of publication I refer to is one of the major causes of juvenile delinquency and I am amazed that our Church and educational authorities do not rise up in their wrath and have them swept out of the country."

Young people are hardest hit by this bad literature. Boys and girls in the formation stage of their lives are more sensitive to evil influences than their more mature elders. How can we look for straight thinking when Junior fills his mind with the topics of such articles as *The Case of the Slugging Killer*, *Rise and Fall of Racketeer Barons*, *In the Crime Spotlight—Latest Sensations in the Crime Whirl*, *Sex Behind Bars*, or *Clip Joints—Sexy Sirens Lure Strangers into Quiet Clubs and Shake Them Down Artistically*—to name some of the milder titles of current magazine offerings? These juicy morsels are available to any youngster who can beg, borrow or steal 10 or 15c—unless he prefers to borrow the magazines from his friends.

The campaign against indecent

literature has been well started, and is in full swing in many parts of this continent. Last October, the Deanery Council of Catholic Women decided to clean up the magazine racks of South Bend, Indiana. Securing the cooperation of the local newspapers, school officials, civic leaders, the Ministerial Association, the C. Y. O. and the majority of private citizens, the crusaders brought the dealers into line, and the bad magazines moved out. The city of Fort Wayne followed suit, and the news dealers there, terrified of a boycott, influenced the distributors to take back the offending publications. Denver, Colorado, had an intensive campaign, and a recent report declared that the stands were 99% clean.

On May 5th, a delegation of 46 members, headed by Sir Edward Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, called on Prime Minister King to urge the Dominion Government to "take active measures to prohibit the entry to this country and to prohibit the publication and sale in Canada of the scores of salacious, immoral, degrading and crime advertising magazines and publications that are freely exhibited for sale on the streets of Canadian cities, the numbers and circulation of which are increasing to an alarming degree." The brief mentioned some of the

offending magazines, emphasizing their dangers, particularly for young people. Mr. Owen Dawson and Father Forneret, chaplain at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, testified that many prisoners, young and old, attributed their waywardness to reading bad magazines. The Prime Minister, remarking that no statement had been made with which he did not agree, promised that everything would be done to meet the representations of the delegation. Since that time, over a dozen magazines from the U. S. have been banned by customs authorities, on the grounds of indecency, while others must have each issue submitted for careful scrutiny before permission is given for distribution in Canada.

Most wholesale distributors have a block-booking arrangement with the dealers, which, as a distributor told me the other day, "is the only reasonable way to do business"—although he admitted that his agency was lenient in this respect. Now when this plan is enforced, as it is in most centers, it means that the dealer must accept for display and sale whatever magazines the distributor sends him, good or bad. Should he refuse one or two, the wholesaler turns around and says, "Very well. If you don't want to

do business my way, then we had better not do business," and the dealer is left with the choice of accepting all or none. Since most magazines are available only through these wholesalers, the merchant invariably chooses the lesser—to him—of two evils by taking what is offered him.

*Our Sunday Visitor* lists three main methods which have been found effective in combatting indecent literature: by means of a Pledge Card, by which individuals pledge themselves not to buy indecent literature; Civic Action, whereby there is positive action throughout a city, and by force of continued pricking, dealers are obliged to give their stands a cleaning; the Honor Roll, which consists of publishing white lists of magazines, thus advertising those which are willing to abide by the rules of decency.

If a sufficient number of dealers register a protest with the wholesaler with regard to certain magazines, the latter will be obliged to give in. And if a representative number of citizens threaten to completely boycott the dealers who will not listen to reason, they will lose no time in acting. This actually happened in Fort Wayne, and the recipe may be used anywhere.



Patience is so like fortitude, that she seems either her sister or her daughter. Aristotle.

# Vacationing for Christ

Holiday means more work

By SISTER M. BERNADETTE, O.S.U.

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*\*

**It is amusing** how often nuns who teach during vacation are nameless. To the children as well as to the grown-ups, they are just "The Big Sister" and "The Little Sister," "The Young Sister" and "The Old Sister"; and if, as sometimes happens, the children designate each Sister as "Our Sister," it becomes a question of locating the class of the child before you can identify his new property—"Our Sister." That this should happen when the Sister's name is Pancratia or Scholastica or some other difficult name, is not strange, but that it occasionally persists for Sisters Jean, Mary, Margaret, Rose and Anne seems amusing indeed. And that "Sister Room III" was one used instead of Sister Cecilia is astounding. By this time recreation is well advanced and the nuns talk about their assignments.

"So we two are together! Wonder if you'll use hammer and axe again."

"Dear me, not on the children, I hope."

"No, don't worry. We needed benches last year, and Sister manufactured some."

"You're going to—? Look out

for little Mike Herrigan. He's the one who told Father last year that red vestments were a sign of danger."

"Wonder how many 'howlers' we'll get together this year. We just can't miss them."

"To use a big word, they are inevitable, not?"

Yes, they certainly are inevitable—in summer school and out. The *Credo* is embellished with "suffered under a bunch of violets"; the Our Father receives a new version in: "Our Father, Harry be Thy name," and to the Sacred Heart an appeal is made, "Make my heart like to a dime." With all that, we are not at all surprised to find that "we are born with a quilt on our soul" and that in the act of contrition a youngster is "firmly resolved to end my life. Amen."

Finally the summer missionaries are spread to the four winds. Next time we hear of the "vacationists," two are installed in the palatial home of the town doctor; another two in the comfortable home of a farmer who lives a mile from the little country church in which the Sisters teach Catechism; others sleep in the sacristy, teach in church and

\*Notre Dame, Ind. July 30, 1938.

wander for their meals, that is, to the few fine Catholic families of the rather large Protestant town who take turns in playing host. And so it goes on, each group in its own peculiar surroundings, each with its own peculiar problems. In one point only are they all alike: they all hunt shadows, not because these are cooler but because they are less hot.

Letters begin to pour in at home where loved ones are praying for the success of those in the field—letters that are gay, hopeful, bright. As the days pass, a tinge of homesickness creeps in. At one place a little boy falls asleep during the evening litany. He wakes up again just as the priest finished announcing,

"Tomorrow Mass will be at seven-thirty instead of eight o'clock."

"Have mercy on us." The voice of the just-awakened is high-pitched.

Concerts spring up like mushrooms, impromptu and otherwise. A song of many parts and many voices is sung.

And there is news in those letters—news of beautiful First Communion days, of conversions, of lives where living is particularly hard, of promising boys and girls, of sacrific-

ing elders. But there are sad things too—Catholics, drifting and dead; the fact of empty tabernacles in hearts that should house God; the sad story of little ones lost to the Faith because of parents who prefer the ease of doing nothing to the happiness of doing well.

All too soon the school is over. No more wonderful evening with fireflies a-dancing, the sheer beauty of it all making you forget the mosquitoes. At length August comes and gradually all the nuns return home, except the two who are enjoying the privilege of imbibing worldly wisdom at a Northern University.

Happy days follow. Retreat, that best-loved of times, when in quiet and peace one rests at the feet of Christ as once did Magdalen, and gains new strength for the new year. Then, companionable days before they return to their deserted homes to take up anew the work of the Master. Finally the last holiday evening has come. All are once more grouped around the Superior. Laughter, song and fun fill the evening. As "God be with you till we meet again" dies away, hopeful eyes look into the future that still veils the trials and triumphs of the new school year.





# The Radio in Very Hot Weather

Who can stand it?

By LEONARD FEENEY

Condensed from *America*\*

**Another thing** which we Catholics must take over soon, unless we want to let our poor people be turned wholesale into a crowd of boobs and morons, is the radio. And I do not mean merely in our broadcast hours of Catholic doctrine. I mean almost more imperatively in our music, entertainment, instruction, fun. I do not need to write a long dissertation on this point. I need only to give the most obvious examples. It is the Buckshot Breakfast Food Company, on the air at 7:15 p. m.

All right, Howard. Bring up the next contestant. . . Right this way, sir. . . Please step right up to the microphone. . . Thank you, sir, thank you very much! . . . Very good, now what is your name, sir? . . . A little louder if you please . . . Your name is Jones? . . . Very good, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . And your first name, if I might ask? . . . Rupert Jones. Very good, Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . You're not any relation, by any chance to Mr. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees? . . . What's that? . . . As far as you know you're not? . . . Excellent Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . And by the way, that question is not going to count against you. . . That was just

a little preliminary question to make you feel at home with us and our radio audience. And furthermore, this next question is not going to count against you either, I'm just asking it by way of, well I may say, curiosity, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . You see what I mean, Mr. Jones? . . . You do? . . . Very good! Well, Mr. Jones, just by way of curiosity, are you married, or are you a bachelor? . . . You're a bachelor. . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! Very good, Mr. Jones! . . . And—may I ask? have you any intention of not remaining a bachelor, or, in other words, have you any intention of getting married? . . . You don't know? . . . An excellent answer, Mr. Jones, an excellent answer! . . . You don't know. . . He doesn't know, ladies and gentlemen, and how could a man be expected to answer any better than that! . . . Thank you, Mr. Jones, for your excellent, I might say, brilliant answer. . . And now for our formal questions, Mr. Jones. . . The first question is one of vocabulary, or I might say of etymology, possibly the word "dictionary" might suggest to you best what I am driving at. . . And here—here, Mr. Jones is the question. . . Are you ready? . . .

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City. July 30, 1938.

Well, let's go! . . . Now, Mr. Jones, what is the difference in meaning between the words "minaret" and "minuet?" . . . Now, take your time, Mr. Jones, and don't hurry! . . . We'll give you plenty of time. . . But, first of all, have you got the two words? . . . You have? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones! . . . And now, for the benefit of our radio audience, what *is* the difference between "minaret" and "minuet?" . . . One of them is a dance! . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, positively excellent! . . . You're absolutely on the right track. . . . Now tell us, if you please, Mr. Jones, which one *is* the dance? . . . You're not quite sure? . . . Well, maybe I could help you a bit, that is in a legitimate way, without, of course, any coaching. . . . Mr. Jones, what is it that makes you even remotely surmise that a "minaret" is a dance? . . . What's that? . . . A little louder, if you please! . . . Because it reminds you a little bit of cabaret? . . . Well, now, Mr. Jones, most of us would not call that word cabaret, we would call it cabaray! . . . What's that? Oh you wouldn't? . . . Well I can't hold that completely against you, and there may be some dictionaries, Mr. Jones—none of us is infallible, you know—which would justify your pronunciation! . . . But to come to the point, because time is passing, you know, Mr. Jones—not that we want to

hurry you—but we *do* want to get on with this program—as your final decision, which word would you say *does* mean a dance, a "minaret" or a "minuet?" . . . Well, what would be your best guess in the matter? . . . What's that? . . . "Minuet" . . . *correct*, ladies and gentlemen. . . Mr. Jones has answered the first question absolutely correctly! . . . Your score so far, Mr. Jones, is 100 per cent, a marvelous performance! . . .

And now for our second question. . . Inasmuch as you are one up on us already, Mr. Jones, I rather feel I can "throw the ball right over the middle of the plate" on this question, if you know what I mean. . . You do? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . Now here, sir, is your second question. . . It's a bit of a psychological problem. . . You don't mind one of those, do you? . . . Of course not, I knew you wouldn't. . . Very well, Mr. Jones. . . Here is my second question. . . When you put your shoes on in the morning—I rather imagine that you *do* put your shoes on in the morning, don't you? . . . Of course, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . Well, tell us, Mr. Jones, which do you put on first, your right shoe or your left shoe? . . . What's that? . . . You'd like to think that over for a few minutes? . . . Well, I can hardly blame you, because that question is a bit of a

stickler. . . But really, Mr. Jones, because our time is passing quickly, I'd like to have you plunge right into this question and answer it according to your instincts in the matter, rather than according to your measured reason. . . Come now, give us your best answer. . . What's that? . . . You think you usually put on your left shoe, first, but occasionally you suppose you *may* put on your right shoe first? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, a brilliant answer! . . . Not exactly final, but I should say 75 per cent correct. . . Howard, give the gentleman 75 per cent on that question. . . That gives you a score at the moment, Mr. Jones, of 175 per cent, and that is what I call, in any league, having a pitcher in a hole, supposing myself for the moment to be the pitcher. . . And now, Mr. Jones, I give you the last and final question. . . You have done brilliantly so far, so I expect this question will be a set-up. . . However, here it is. . . Is this statement true or false (all you

need to answer is yes or no). . . Is this statement true or false: "Mahatma Ghandi is an Indian? . . . What's that? "Of course not?" . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, but you're wrong on that last question. . . Mahatma Ghandi *is* an Indian. He is not a West Indian, but he is an East Indian, because he lives in East India. . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . Well, Mr. Jones, I congratulate you. . . You have achieved the very creditable score of 175 per cent. . . An excellent score, Mr. Jones. An excellent score! . . . And now as a reward for your prowess let me award you a free package of Buckshot Breakfast Food, the only breakfast food that contains *all* the vitamins. . . And I hope that you will enjoy them, Mr. Jones, and continue to enjoy our Buckshot even when you have ceased to be a bachelor. . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . And now, Howard, will you bring up the next contestant, please. . .

How long must we endure this, on the radio, in such hot weather?



Some boys were taunting a poor barefooted lad one day making fun of his Christian faith. They said to him, "If God really loves you, why doesn't He take better care of you, why doesn't He tell someone to send you a pair of shoes?" The lad seemed puzzled for a moment, then with tears rushing to his eyes, replied, "I think He does tell people, but they are not listening."

# Teruel

By T. RYAN, S.J.

The martyr city

Condensed from *The Rock*\*

**Teruel** has no great military importance. A year ago it had only useless fragments of medieval fortifications. These were around part of its rocky height; the new town and the newer suburbs were on the lower part beside the river. The city's highest elevation is 3,000 feet, it is dominated by many forts in the mountains around. It had, when the war began, a population of not more than 13,000 persons. The Nationalist garrison there was small, for it was not one of the key positions, and at the beginning of last winter when newspaper critics began to say that General Franco would make it the starting point of his drive to the Mediterranean, they were arguing merely from the fact that it stood at the end of a projection from his regular line, and were taking no account of the lie of the land about it or of the complete inadequacy of the roads for anything like a large military movement. It was this feeble suggestion that gave the idea to the Government side—a brilliant one, it must be confessed, from the point of view of the war of propaganda in which the Government is so much more successful than it is in the field.

General Franco's army was on the other side of Madrid, the roads between it and the town were made impassable by the snows of one of the severest winters on record, but from Valencia it could be reached by a train journey of 70 miles. Teruel could be taken almost without a blow.

After some bitter fighting Teruel fell, and the International Brigade, we were told, covered itself with quite unusual glory. Immediately the event was magnified into a major victory. The most strident of the English Leftist papers declared that 400,000 combatants were engaged, though afterwards they shrank to 1/20 of that number. The capture was declared to be the turning point of the war, and we were assured that now a Spanish "Government" victory was as certain as anything could be in war.

All the noisiest propagandists from foreign countries were brought to see the conquest and each of them received "exclusive" information in abundant quantity from the most imaginative of the Government agents. The *New York Times* "fell for" the choicest of the stories when on January 22nd it gave its

\*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. July, 1938.

front page to a blood-curdling story of a massacre of 3,000 civilians in Teruel, nearly a quarter of the population, which it alleged took place long before the war began, to be precise on August 23, 1936. When other papers, which had been denied this tidbit, questioned the story, the *Times* correspondent produced his authorities—two women who had been in jail for a year and a half before the capture of the city, for crimes that were not political. One of them had actually heard the shots; she was sure that at least 3,000 were killed, but she could not be sure, for she was in jail at the time. *The Left News* had also first hand information about Teruel, for Mr. John Strachey was among the visitors entertained there at the expense of the Spanish "Government" and he duly reported what they wanted him to see. "The whole atmosphere of the Seminary of Teruel," he wrote, "reveals to the visitor that here was the same Church of Spain against the encroaching domination of which our Elizabethan ancestors struggled so passionately and so successfully." This profound remark was inspired by the discovery that in the Seminary library there were books in Latin—a language which Marx did not use. However, Mr. Strachey's Red friends dealt appropriately with the library of the Seminary

of Teruel; they burned it, just as his enlightened Elizabethan ancestors did to similar libraries in England.

When the town was captured a large body of the townspeople made good their escape, fleeing across the snow-covered hills. The tales which they told about the assault were different from those which were blazoned across the pages of the popular press. For many years, long before the fall of the monarchy, Teruel was conspicuous for its institutions of social service, especially its hospitals. One of these was the Hospital of the Assumption, a large building in which more than 1,000 wounded were attended to during the siege. When the street fighting began, the Red Cross was prominently displayed on this building, yet the hospital was fired on by cannon placed at a distance of 300 yards, and by tanks equipped with a small artillery piece as well as machine guns, from as near as 20 yards. Advancing troops laid a mine at the house beside it and blew up part of the hospital. Twenty people were killed by the explosion, among them two Sisters of Charity. Then, as the Red soldiers advanced, they cried out to those who had called their attention to the hospital. "Why do you not help the wounded who are crying for help? Are you afraid?"

When the men came forward to help, machine guns were turned on them and seven were killed.

Another mine was exploded beside the actual hospital building, and two attempts were made to fire it. As water was lacking, it was only by throwing the debris of the explosions on the flames that the fires were extinguished.

These facts were related by the chaplain of the hospital, Fr. Gracia Paul, who was there at the time but escaped at the last moment and eventually reached Burgos. Sisters and nurses remained at their posts to the end. Three Sisters of the hospital had already been killed by the bullets of the invaders. At 2 o'clock on the day when the city fell, men, knowing the appalling treatment that nuns all over Spain received at the hands of the "Government" hordes, begged the others to go. They replied, "While there is one wounded person to care for, our duty is to stand by."

When the garrison surrendered many thousands of soldiers and civilians in the lower part of the town fought their way through the attacking troops and reached the Nationalist lines. Many others fell in the effort to break through. Nationalist soldiers had long before this learned that it was better to die than fall into the hands of those whose standards of military honor

are those of Soviet Russia. Proof of the fact that the Spanish Reds put prisoners of war to death was actually supplied by their own press in connection with the Teruel fighting. On February 20, the Red paper *El Diluvio* reported the trial and condemnation of Luis Palacio Vega on the sole charge of having fought on the Nationalist side at Teruel.

The next stage of the city's history was the blackest in all its records—the period of nearly three months when it was in the hands of those who called themselves the "Government" of Spain. It was a three months' nightmare, beginning with an orgy of looting and debauchery, together with the sacking, burning and dynamiting of churches. The looting was not carried out merely by the mob, though there was plenty of that too, but by organized gangs working under authority, who went through public buildings, shops and private houses, packed into trucks all the valuables that were movable, and carried them off to Barcelona and Valencia. Soon quarrels arose between the representatives of the rival capitals about the division of the spoils, and before long the dispute extended to the actual question of authority. Clashes took place between the two factions and blood was shed. It became so serious that it was necessary for the Minister for National



Defense to intervene, even though this minister was Senor Prieto, the one man in all Spain who likes to keep farthest from danger. His courage failed him at the last moment, for when he reached the bull-ring in the suburbs and addressed the militiamen there, he decided to go no further. Instead, he sent on his representative, Francisco Bueno Salvador. The faction fighting stopped, but the looting continued. On Prieto's return to Barcelona he delivered an eloquent series of speeches describing his "visit to Teruel," and telling of the "splendid spirit" of the soldiers and their confidence of final victory.

From the moment of occupation, the "purgés" which are apparently inseparable from Communist control, began to take place in Teruel. In some cases there was a pretense of trial before "execution"; in others there was not. The fact that the Valencia and Barcelona governments worked separately, each claiming supreme jurisdiction, gave full opportunity to those who wished to carry out private acts of revenge. Many men disappeared and have never been heard of since. Many women, too, were taken away, and several men lost their lives in an effort to save them. The Bishop was arrested, and was put on trial on a charge of high treason for having signed the united Bishops'

Pastoral condemning the actions of the Communists in Spain. At the same time, however, a bogus "Bishop of Teruel" spoke from a Government wireless station, telling how well he was treated, and praising the Reds. His voice had a certain resemblance to that of the real Bishop, but the resemblance was not sufficient and the fraud was soon exposed.

After the capture of Teruel it had been stated that the "Government" forces intended to continue their drive and apparently not stop until they reached the Bay of Biscay. But when once they were in the city there was no sign of any preparation for further advance. In fact it very soon became apparent that the city would have to put itself in a state of defense, for the reinforcements which General Franco had tried to send in time to hold the city were now coming to recapture it. "Government" prestige demanded that the city be held at all costs, so there were preparations on both sides for a battle on a scale that was out of all proportion to the value of the town. When it took place, it was of far greater magnitude than that which preceded the city's first fall.

Though in all the statements emanating from Red Spain it is very difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood, it would seem that in

this case the "Government" really did believe that they could hold the city, and sent there forces which they expected to withstand any assault. They declared again and again that they had massed for its defense 58 brigades of effective troops. If this claim be true, the full number of men mustered for the defense of Teruel was 174,000, for a Red Brigade ordinarily consists of 3,000 soldiers. Sometimes they are not up to full strength, but as they are never less than 2,000, the number must have been at least 116,000. After the battle, one of the fiercest of the whole war, we know that they had only 90,000 left. The Nationalist forces were admittedly inferior in numbers, but, as has been the case throughout the whole war, they had the advantage of superior generalship. The poor spirit of a large section of the conscript army on which the "Government" has to rely was also largely responsible for the debacle. A captured document containing an official report issued by the Red Government to its Embassy in Paris reveals what happened. The following is an extract from it:

"The absolute lack of reserves made it impossible to resist the enemy manoeuvre at Teruel. At first the Campesino Division decided to sacrifice itself, staying inside the town to defend it to the very

last. Later, it changed its intentions, but when an attempt was made to abandon the city it was found that it was surrounded. Between 5,000 and 6,000 men were trapped within it. They were all taken by the Nationalist forces, either dead, wounded or prisoners, with the fall of Teruel.

"The Red Army likewise abandoned a complete store of artillery supplies and over 60 heavy and light lorries. Demoralized, the remainder of the Red troops around Teruel withdrew in disorder several miles to the south, the soldiers even abandoning their arms."

The fighting around Teruel will be the subject one day of a remarkable chapter in the military history of the Spanish war, but here we are only concerned with the city itself. The battle was over before the main body of the Nationalist troops reached the streets of the town. There was no "mopping up" to be done, for the erstwhile defenders had fled or surrendered. The city once more belonged to Spain.

The first act of General Varela, the victor of this, as of many another battle in the war, was to send for the senior chaplain, Fr. Comesana, of the Galician Brigade, and ask him to celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving. Every church was wrecked and defiled and strewn

with rubbish, but the walls of the Cathedral stood and to this the soldiers marched. The interior of the building presented a sight that is familiar in Spain wherever the anti-God forces have been in control. Every statue was broken, every altar defaced; windows were shattered, the priceless reredos at the back of the high altar was wantonly hacked, and the paintings inserted in it cut and torn. Fragments of statues and pieces of torn vestments were lying on the floor amid a litter of mortar and broken stone and dirty papers and tin cans. Not a sign of anything connected with Christian devotion remained, but among the debris someone found a crucifix. It was set up on what remained of the altar and there, in what was left of the Cathedral of Teruel, Mass was said again. At the end of the Mass the soldiers who thronged the church sang the *Te Deum*, the Church's hymn of thanksgiving.

The destruction in the town was pitiable. In all their fighting the Nationalists had not fired a single shell or dropped a single bomb into Teruel, nor did they use dynamite, mines or any other kind of explosive, as all the essential fighting took place on the heights overlooking the city, and, when they were captured, the city was taken as effectively as Bilbao was in similar circumstances. The destruction was

done during their occupation by the Reds, as part of their usual policy to destroy everything that they cannot hold. On the day before the capitulation, explosions were heard in all parts of the town, great columns of smoke arose, and at night the glow of fires lit up all the surrounding hills. There was no question of military necessity or of the destruction of buildings that might be of military value, it was simply the frenzied desire to smash and deface that is characteristic alike of savages and degenerates. Everything that was sacred and everything artistic formed the chief object of this frenzy. The Prefecture, the Seminary (a former Jesuit College) and the Bishop's residence, suffered as badly as the churches—books and papers and pictures all giving evidence of the same fiendish desire to do harm and to destroy. Where anything of value escaped it was due only to a happy accident or to the failure of the dynamiters to carry out their design. This applies to the two masterpieces of *mudejar* art which are the city's greatest treasures: the towers of the churches of the Savior and of St. Martin. In both cases charges were laid and exploded at the foot of the towers, but in each case, though considerable damage was done, the tower still stands. In the case of the Cathedral a charge of unexploded dyna-

mite was found beneath the tower.

Even a clearer example of the wanton destruction in which the Red troops engage was the damage done to the monuments and the things belonging to the town which were purely for the enjoyment of the citizens. In front of the Prefecture there is a small square called the Paseo de la Glorieta, one of the typical Spanish squares which was the rendezvous of all the modest society of the town who collected there each evening around the coffee tables listening to the music and talking politics and retailing gossip. Here every piece of ornamental balustrade was broken and pulled down, the trees hacked, the shrubs pulled up by the roots.

Another terrible consequence of the occupation of Teruel was the condition of appalling filth in which the city was found after the Reds had been driven from it. Those who entered the city with the Nationalist troops were unanimous in declaring this to be beyond belief. It did not indeed cause surprise, because destruction is characteristic of every city which has been under

Red control. Streets, buildings—especially churches—even hospitals, are left in a disgusting state. The officers of the Medical Corps who entered the Military Hospital were blunt in their description of it: they said it was like a dunghill. It seems as if the Red army, in attracting to itself, by the hope of abundant looting and unbridled license, all the most disreputable elements of the cities, is unable to infuse into them anything like order or military discipline. It has been necessary for the Nationalist army to organize a special cleaning squad to take charge of every town that is entered on its onward march and make it fit for civilized people to live in again. This squad was waiting, ready to enter Teruel. There was also in readiness a detachment under the Social Aid Commission, with five tons of foodstuffs for distribution. On the very day that the city was taken the work of reconstruction began. A new Teruel is to arise. It has petitioned to be allowed to add to its arms the new title of "the Martyr," which it has earned by its agony.



There is one argument that may be opposed to all the sophistries of unbelievers; no man ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.

Saint Thomas More.

# The Movies and Block-Booking

Inside on the movies

By E. E. WITTE

Condensed from *The Liguorian*\*

To many people the inner workings of the movie business are a mystery. But one thing people have known for years. It is that whether they came individually or as organized groups to request better films they have always met with the reply from their neighborhood theater that under the present system of block-booking and blind selling the exhibitors have to take what they get and like it, and the public must do likewise.

Compulsory block-booking is the practice by which each of the eight major producer-distributors, called the Big Eight, sells to the independent theater owner its entire output of motion pictures for the ensuing year, affording the local theater no choice except to take all the pictures so offered, or none. Blind selling is the practice, also followed by the Big Eight, by which pictures are sold to the exhibitors before the pictures have been produced and with no information as to the character of the pictures that will be delivered, the stories that will be embodied therein, or the treatment which will be accorded the story material.

How then does block-booking

work? In this manner. Your neighborhood theater, let us suppose, shows four pictures a week or 208 a year. The owner of the movie house buys from his favorite companies. He calls on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is told that they will probably make 50 pictures next year. Does he want them? If so, he must rent them all. He cannot select. Or suppose he buys from RKO. Again the contract reads—take all or none. Now if each of the five companies from whom he buys has an output of 50 pictures a year, the exhibitor finds that he has 250 pictures on his hands out of which number his playing time allows only 208. But he pays for them all with a smile. However, the exhibitor's embarrassment does not rest here. Not only has he bought an entire block of pictures, but he has bought them sight unseen. In other words the sole information he has of his new buy is a series of numbers on his contract. He does not know into what pictures the various movie stars will be distributed nor the number of high or low caliber pictures he is getting for his money. Hence, as a result of blind selling, the independent

\*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. Aug., 1938.

theater man finds out all too late the number of mediocre films—called in movie parlance quickies, cheapies or westerns—which have been foisted on him.

Of all the Big Eight, namely, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 20th Century-Fox, Warner Brothers, RKO, Universal, Columbia, and United Artists, only one company, United Artists, gives a complete announcement of its program. This company alone lists the proposed pictures by name, author, book, stars, and cast, and gives a complete synopsis of the picture. Last year, for instance, Columbia Pictures promised to make a minimum of 32 with a maximum of 40 pictures. The contract gives no information whatsoever. The First National and Warner Brothers made 27 pictures. Only numbers appeared on the contract. The Fox Pictures promised to make a minimum of 40 and a maximum of 50 pictures. The names of features were given in the trade papers during the year; one does not have that information at the time the contract is signed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made 50 pictures. This company gives the names of the stars, plays, books and stories. RKO made 45 pictures, identified only by numbers, 601 to 646. No description of the subject was given. Certainly by this system of doing business neither the thea-

ter owner nor the community has freedom in the selection of motion picture films.

It is necessary to note that of the 16,500 movie theaters in the U. S., 12,500 of them are small independent neighborhood houses, while the rest are affiliated theaters. These affiliated movie houses are owned by the big producers and consequently always have the first run pictures. Block-booking is not used in the theaters dominated by the producer but is used only against the independent owner. Of course, the producer selects the "smash hits" for his own theater and, by a gentleman's agreement, exchanges his top pictures for the top pictures put out by the other parties of the Big Eight. Motion picture producers do not force the undesirable films upon their own first-run houses, but do force them upon the little neighborhood houses, which are patronized by the family trade, as distinguished from the downtown sophisticated audiences. The little theater man is therefore forced by block-booking to help underwrite the hazards of the production of films. In other words, all mediocre films are hoped to be disposed of through the medium of the small theater, thus helping the Big Eight to get its money back.

It is quite natural that the big producers would fight to keep con-



ditions as they are. For with the assurance that all their pictures, whether good or bad, will be bought, producers can take for themselves and pay others high salaries. The producers' own argument for continuing the present trade practice is this: Without a steady and dependable market in advance of output, there is no guide for budgeting huge expenditures. In other words, without block-booking there is no guide to tell them whether they can continue to pay director Capra his \$350,000 a year or not; whether Mr. Skouras will continue to get his \$341,000 or not; Mae West her \$323,000 or a smaller sum. The only assurance the producers have that these huge expenditures can be budgeted is the continued willingness of small theaters to accept block-booking and blind selling.

It has always been believed that if a theater owner did not like his block of pictures he could cancel 10 per cent of them. Let it be stated, however, that the 10 per cent

cancellation privilege is a fiction. According to the motion picture code, exhibitors are allowed to cancel one picture in each group of ten. The code, however, does not allow the exhibitor the right to reject four or five pictures in one group of ten and leave the remaining groups of ten to be played in order. Thus the privilege may be defeated by the simple device of putting all the poor pictures in a particular group of ten.

That is one way of circumventing the cancellation clause. Another way is to make the cheap, quick pictures first. On these the producer knows quite certainly that cancellation will be used. When the movie houses have exhausted their right of cancellation, only then will the other pictures be released some of which may be in class B or C. But at this point your theater can do nothing about it as its right of cancellation has been used up.

It seems that the little theater owner has certain grounds for complaint against the big producer.



Professor Einstein's secretary has so many inquiries for a definition of relativity that he has given her a form answer: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours, it seems like two minutes; but when you sit on a hot stove for two minutes, it seems like two hours."

Fortnightly Review.

# What Good Are Stamps?

By H. T.

Do you save them?

Condensed from *The Month*\*

Some months ago, having been struck by the number of people whom I had noticed tearing off the corners of envelopes addressed to them, I ventured to ask two or three of those so occupied what actually became of the stamps they collected. They all replied vaguely that they were helping our Catholic missions, but no one seemed able to tell me what commercial value these heaps of brown, red and green miniatures of the reigning sovereign's head could possibly possess. In the hope of elucidating the mystery, I presumed on the kind forbearance of the editor of *The Universe*, and addressed to that journal a letter in which I asked if any specialist or expert in the industry could give me the information I desired:

"What are the stamps so collected used for? Who are the people who ultimately buy them in the mass? Why would not scraps of colored paper do as well? Is it the gum at the back which can be extracted and restored to commerce, or is it the pulp of the stamped paper which has a particular value for making papier-maché or something of the sort?"

From the answers which readers

of the journal were kind enough to return, a few extracts may be borrowed. The secretary of the "Hethrop Mission Academy," the Rev. Terence Kelly, S.J., offered this explanation:

"The stamps we collect are sold by weight—that is the ordinary common or garden British, not the rarer ones—to wholesale dealers. These either have agencies abroad or else sell them to foreign dealers in bulk quantities. These latter find a ready market for them in the multitude of small collectors who are ever prepared to spend a few cents for small packets of foreign stamps, just as in England there are thousands of schoolboys and others who do the same.

From America I received a recent issue of *Catholic Missions*, a periodical issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Covering almost half the quarto page is a photograph of a heap of stamps, with the legend: "6,000 stamps: 30c." In the article printed beneath we read:

"Yes, there are 6,000 stamps here, all well trimmed, too, and they make just one pound. And for the pound we can get from a stamp

\*31 Farm St., Berkeley Square, London, W.1., England. Aug., 1938.

dealer only 30 pennies, and only because they are all foreign stamps. He said he'd give us only 10c if they were domestic stamps. Try to figure out how much time and effort it took to gather all these stamps. And yet how little goes to the missions! Suppose that the same time and effort has been used to gather nickels, dimes, or even pennies for the missions, think of all that would have been achieved.

"So often have we been asked the question: 'Is it really worth while to save canceled stamps for the missions?' We used to say it was, but for the past several years we have been discouraging the idea. Now, please don't get us wrong! We are not saying there is *no* value in them. What we feel is that the direct gain to the missions is so insignificant for all the labor entailed—and expense, too—that it is neither fair to the missions nor to our benefactors to give them the impression that they are doing something 'worth while' in saving canceled stamps. For those who are so poor that they can't give more, their mite in this form is most acceptable. But only about 5 per cent of our people are as poor as that!

"But more important is the indirect harm done to the mission cause by giving the impression that mission work can be supported by canceled stamps. And you'd be sur-

prised how many have that idea! Why? Well, it must be our own fault. We seldom emphasize that it costs \$28,264,870 each year to provide each of the 77,438 Catholic missionaries in the world with just \$1.00 a day."

The priest from the U. S. A. who kindly sent me this, remarks in his letter: "I, too, have been cluttering up my desk with canceled stamps for years, and also have been wondering what good I accomplished," and he goes on to tell me that he had written "with the hope that in the future you will be able to toss them into the wastebasket without scruple that you are depriving some heathen body of the light of the Faith."

All the same, this is not entirely the last word on the question. From Canada two successive issues were forwarded to me of a handy little illustrated periodical which bears the title *Mission Stamp News*. In these we read such manifestos as the following:

"It is not so long ago that many good souls were restrained from sending stamps for the missions by the very practical problem of what to do with the Chinese baby when it arrived. Nowadays, however, thanks to a mission-minded Pope, Catholic propaganda and periodicals, the work that missionaries do and the work that stamps do for the

missionaries is much better known. Neither the natives nor the missionaries use them for wallpaper. As a matter of fact, the stamps never reach the missions. Instead they come to the Stamp Bureau and after divers sortings are sold for good Canadian dollars."

And Father Henry Westropp, S.J., in *The Patna Mission Letter*, remarks:

"Formerly—and even still, I am sorry to say—stamps were sold by the pound, the price being very little, as low as a few pennies per pound. It was, and is still, a waste of good material. Why not save the dealer's profit by selling direct to the collector who pays 10 to 100 times as much for the stamps!

"But does this refer to *common stamps*? There is really no such thing as a *common* stamp. The local stamps are common in the New Solomon Isles or Guinea, but they are uncommon in Europe and vice versa. Every stamp has its value and if stored up for years, this value multiplies rapidly. Sell stamps for \$50 today and put the money in the bank and you get 3 per cent. Put the stamps in your own bank, and in a few years they increase 100 per cent or more in value.

"Since its inception this Stamp Bureau must have realized directly or indirectly anywhere from \$25,000 to \$50,000. This refers only to

money value. There are many other values to consider.

"1. During this time our stamp work supported over 1,000 widows, their babies, the poor, etc., on various occasions.

"2. It interested innumerable people in mission work. A mission paper, e.g., reaches 10,000 to 15,000 people. The stamp appeals reach over 1,000,000—reaches them effectively because it makes them work, and gather up the fragments otherwise lost. Children are naturally inquisitive. When they gather stamps, they want to know how these can 'buy Chinese babies,' etc., until they learn the whole mission idea.

"3. Each stamp gathered represents a little act of self-denial. Millions and millions of these little acts, like a mighty army, or like the billows of the sea, roll up to the gates of heaven, demanding entrance, pleading for the missions. If at the present time millions in India are turning to the Church, who knows but that these small acts and prayers of our little collectors all over the world have not had a great share in starting this movement?"

There can be no doubt that the missionaries, taught by dire necessity, have learned the best way of turning to profit the slender resources committed to their care in the form of stamps.

# St. Ambrose

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Condensed from *Light*\*

His songs dispersed an army

To St. Ambrose belongs the unique distinction of having been elected Bishop at a time when he was not even a member of the Church. His new life as a Christian began at the age of 34, almost simultaneously with his splendid career as a successor of the Apostles. While not ignorant of Christian teaching, his preparation for this exalted office had been largely in the law and politics. Despite this inauspicious beginning, he so courageously and successfully discharged his Episcopal duties for 23 years as to be honored today as one of the great Fathers of the Church.

St. Ambrose, contemporary of St. Martin of Tours and St. Jerome, belonged to an old and illustrious Roman family. His father was a praetorian prefect over Gaul, Spain and England—about a third of the Roman Empire. The seat of this great prefecture was Treves; here St. Ambrose was born in the year 340. His early years were passed in luxury and pomp. Although the family faithfully observed its Christian traditions, the youngest child was not baptized.

This sad neglect was not due to any belief that infants were incap-

able of grace, or that the benefits of the Sacrament were limited to those who had attained a particular stage of intellectual development, but principally to an exaggerated view of the heinousness of sins committed after baptism. Some parents thought that, when a child had passed through the fires of early temptations and reached manhood, he was less likely thereafter to offend God seriously. There was also the unworthy notion that youth should have its fling before baptism tied young people to the observance of a stricter life.

Whatever the reason, Ambrose was not brought to the font. When his father died, he retired to Rome, where he soon distinguished himself as a brilliant lawyer. His abilities so impressed the officials of the Empire that they appointed him governor over two northern Italian provinces. He therefore took up his residence in Milan, a city which was then disputing with Rome the honor of being the chief metropolis in the peninsula. As governor he was just, humane and able.

Just as the safety of the Empire in the 4th century was gravely menaced by barbarian hordes across

\*405-407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Aug., 1938.

the far-flung frontiers, so also was the integrity of Christianity assailed by pagans and heretics. Milan in particular was a center of intrigue and contention. When the Bishop died, rival factions, Catholic and Arian, could not agree upon his successor. The tumult so endangered the peace of the entire city that Ambrose hastened to the church where the election was being held and quieted the unruly mob.

Suddenly a little child cried out: "Let Ambrose be our Bishop." The crowd vigorously applauded this amazing suggestion. Ambrose promptly vetoed it. Eventually, however, he yielded. The assembled Bishops ratified the popular choice. In rapid succession and with a haste he regretted all his life, he was baptized, ordained and consecrated Bishop. At once he distributed his princely fortune to the poor, and showed a magnificent example to the people in the practice of penance.

Ambrose made relentless war against the paganism that still survived in the Empire. But his charity made no distinction of class or creed. Upon one occasion his persistence in pleading saved the life of a pagan who had spoken disrespectfully of the Emperor. When the Goths defeated the Roman legions on the plains of Adrianople and sold many citizens into captiv-

ity, Ambrose took those vessels and gifts which were not consecrated to sacred use and obtained the release of as many captives as possible. He was subsequently reproved with having disposed of property which did not belong to him but to the Church.

"Are souls to be lost," he inquired, "for the sake of a little gold? If the Church possesses gold, it is to use it for the poor, not to keep it. He who sent forth his apostles without gold, without gold too founded His Church."

St. Ambrose fearlessly condemned Arianism, one of the most dangerous heresies of the time. The Arians denied the divinity of Christ and sought to undermine both the whole theology of the Church and the new Christian civilization slowly being built on the everlasting truth that Christ is not a mere creature of God but one with Him in essence.

The Empress Justina was an Arian, and leader of the opposition. In 386 she gave legal recognition to members of her sect and ordered that some of the churches in Milan be turned over to them. It became a capital offense to oppose Arianism. St. Ambrose, raising high the standard of independent spiritual authority, bluntly refused to surrender any church. He was then commanded either to leave the city or meet an Arian bishop in public



debate before unknown lay judges. While expressing every intention of remaining at his post, he objected to the debate on two grounds. It was inconsistent with the new law which forbade any opposition to Arianism. Secondly, the laity had no right to sit as judges in theological discussions.

Meanwhile, precautions had been taken by the Catholic population to prevent the occupation of any of the churches by the Arians without the employment of force. They assembled in the churches, and remained in them all day and all night. Fearing serious injury would befall their Bishop, they would not permit him to leave the large basilica when he had celebrated the Palm Sunday ceremonies—nor would they leave themselves. The basilica was surrounded by troops who dared not force an entrance but hoped to starve St. Ambrose and the people out or frighten them into surrender. It was an idle hope.

The saint utilized the time spent in the basilica to the best advantage. The usual devotions filled the day pretty well, but the hours of the night seemed interminable. It occurred to him that the psalms and certain hymns of his own composition might be sung in the choir. Thus was inaugurated the antiphonal method that was practiced in the Oriental churches, separated

choirs of men and women answering one another in alternate verses.

It was this congregational singing which was modified and simplified by Pope Gregory and became a prominent feature of religious worship in all the cathedrals and churches of Europe for more than 1,000 years. During the long watches of the night the soldiers heard this strange chant that was modulated to a mysterious rhythm and seemed never to end. They grew tired of their work. Signs of rebellion appeared. The Empress gave way. Six hundred years before Henry IV went to Canossa, the temporal power conceded, in the person of St. Ambrose, the supremacy of the Church in spiritual matters.

The preservation of Catholic churches from Arian conspirators was but an incident, however important, in the busy life of the Bishop. He was the first great churchman to be employed by the temporal power as ambassador in a purely political mission. But most of his time was devoted to the spiritual needs of his flock. His collected works, composed in brief leisure moments, fill two large folio volumes. He preached nearly every day. So great was his reputation that a young African gladly accepted appointment as a public teacher of rhetoric in Milan, that he might

make the acquaintance of the renowned Bishop. His name was Augustine. That he is known to us today as St. Augustine was due to the providence of God and the strong Christian influence of St. Ambrose.

"I held Ambrose in esteem," wrote St. Augustine, in later life, "but it was impossible for me to converse with him of the things I wished, or as I wished. He was surrounded by an army of needy persons who kept me from him. He was the servant of their infirmities, and, when they spared him a few moments for himself, he gave his body the food necessary for its support, and nourished his soul with reading. But when he read, his eye ran over the pages while his soul

penetrated their meaning."

The courage of the great Bishop was never more conclusively demonstrated than in his severe condemnation of Theodosius, last Emperor to rule over the whole Empire. The Emperor, in a fit of passion, ordered the slaughter of the people of Thessalonica because they had killed some officers of the government. St. Ambrose insisted on repentance and expiation. Not until the Emperor had offered public penance for his abuse of imperial authority was he received again into the communion of the Church.

St. Ambrose survived Theodosius only two years. He died on Holy Saturday, in the year 397, and was buried in the basilica which to-day bears his immortal name.



### *Logic*

I am not sympathetic to Fascism and I hold no brief for the Roman Catholic Church in Spain. But I think it strange that our Government should have addressed a ferocious protest to Franco because 800 persons were killed in an air raid, whereas, when 50,000 or 100,000—some say 250,000—innocent men, women and children were butchered in cold blood, with every accompaniment of cruelty, under the eyes of a Government we still choose to recognize, not one word of protest was made.

Dean Inge.

# Hired Girl

For less than two cents an hour

ANONYMOUS

Condensed from *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**I am a farmer's** hired girl. I left college three years ago equipped with two perfectly worthless pieces of paper: my college B.A. and my permit to teach. I thought I was equipped to conquer the world. I had no sympathy for the college graduate who could not find work, until hunger and lack of a roof changed my mind.

I work from 4 a. m. to 9 p. m. and if I quit I'll be jobless again, and I do not relish sitting on park benches, waiting for a newspaper to be thrown away so I can grab it and scan the want ads. I have shelter, food, aching muscles, am getting round shouldered—but if I stop, it's the park benches again.

The washings here are immense, the water has to be carried in and out. The family consists of the mistress, a widow of middle-age, her two daughters, 18 and 20, six foster children who are boarded here by the State Home and Aid Society, three hired men and the Grandpa.

The daughters never lift a hand except to feed themselves, dress, and turn the pages of a magazine. The mother is adverse to work. I am the drudge. If the children did not

help me, I'd work 24 hours out of 24.

I've been here 10 months and have never been outside the yard. I'd like wholesome good times. My mistress says a hired girl should stay home nights, get her rest and be fit for her work. I asked to go to church and my mistress threw a fit. "We have a big dinner on Sunday," she reproved, "and I have to go to church with my daughters, the hired men and the children."

She is hellishly religious, reforms the hired men who are smokers. She declares smokers are headed for perdition. She prays before each meal, and works me from 4 a. m. to 9 p. m.

For washing calf pails, the separator, cream cans, dishes without end, pots and pans, scrubbing the floor every day, cleaning lamps, sweeping, making beds, I get \$2 per week.

If I ever get \$20 saved—I've been working 10 months and have \$11 saved. I was out of everything—shoes, dresses—and \$2 a week does not go far in repleting a wardrobe. The work is so hard and dirty, my clothes have to be laundered so often and so hard that they wear

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Sept., 1938.

out. I have bought shoes, good low-heeled sensible shoes, house dresses and other necessities. I give the money to my mistress or her daughters and they bring them home to me.

Ten months in the one yard! "Hired girls should be thankful for good food, a clean bed and a chance to work," my mistress purrs.

I would like to be a second maid in a city. The work is *clean* and I could do it; the wages are \$6 a week and I could get to the library once in a while, even to a picture show, perhaps get more daring and buy myself a double chocolate sundae!

The ball of life winds up its slender thread into days, weeks, months. I drudge, have no outlook, strive to save \$20 so I can rent a room in town and get something better.

You women employers think a girl is yours, body, mind and soul because she works for you. You work us until our soul is dead, our

back is broken, our vision is gone; you take our dreams, hopes, aspirations from us, keep us ground down, go to the church socials and smugly talk about us.

I want to do my work but want a living wage for it. My mistress formerly paid \$5 a week. She told me so. I have asked for more wages—even \$1 more. She laughs and says, "You taught me I have been paying too much for years and years."

I should quit her—to *sleep in parks*? I had my ideals when I was in college. Economic conditions intrigued me then—before I had been hungry and homeless. An empty stomach knocks all theories gally-west.

And so I hang on in the hope of saving \$20—and once I possess that elephantine sum I shall quit, hie to town, rent a room, buy a daily paper, answer ads *and work for someone else*. Or shall I?



If you think any article in this issue of *The Catholic Digest* will interest a friend, send us a postcard to that effect, and we shall be pleased to send a marked copy to the address you give. State your friend's address and your own and mention the title of the article and the month it appeared.

## CATHOLIC BOOKS OF CURRENT INTEREST

- Waugh, Evelyn. *Scoop*. Boston: Little. \$2.50.

Those who enjoyed *Father Malacy's Miracle* will welcome this hilarious satire on international news reporting.

- Fowler, Bertram B. *The Lord Helps Those . . .*. New York: Vanguard Pr. \$1.75.

An intensely interesting account of the restoration of prosperity in Nova Scotia through the cooperative movement which was inaugurated by St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish. The book should serve as a guidance and inspiration to communities in a similar economic position.

- Vann, Gerard, O.P. *Morals Makyth Man*. New York: Longmans. \$2.50.

The application of the Thomist principle in modern life is the thesis of this study.

- Gable, Rev. Richard J. *Public Funds for Church and Private Schools*.

A scholarly work which will be extremely helpful in furnishing the reader with an historical background and data on one of the most controverted issues in American educational history.

- *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins including his Correspondence with Coventry Patmore*; ed. by Claude Collier Abbott. New York: Oxford. \$6.

A companion volume to the two earlier volumes of correspondence of the priest-poet with Robert Bridges and R. W. Dixon.

- Cicognani, Most Rev. Amaletto Giovanni. *Addresses and Sermons*. New York: Benziger. \$2.50.

A compilation of all the noteworthy public utterances of the Apostolic Delegate to the U. S. since his appointment on March 17, 1933. His Excellency's learned treatment of many much-discussed topics offers an abundance of thought-provoking material.

- Hughes, Rev. Philip. *The Faith in Practice*. New York: Longmans. \$2.

Complete summary of Catholic Doctrine which serves as a supplement to the catechism and as a manual of instruction for the convert.

- Herbst, Rev. Winifrid, S.D.S. *Spotlights on Matters Spiritual*. New York: Pustet. \$2.25.

Moral issues are stressed in this informal discussion of the means of salvation. A series of meditations and conferences for a three-day retreat are included at the end.

- Johnson, Humphrey. *Anglicanism in Transition*. New York: Longmans. \$2.25.

The present position of the Anglican Church is carefully analyzed by an English convert and scholar, Father Jennings, who is stationed at Newman's old oratory in Birmingham.